

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

CINCINNATI, NOVEMBER, 1845.

VIEW FROM MOUNT IDA.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

Few cities in the Union are more pleasantly located than Troy. It extends between three and four miles up the east bank of the Hudson, on a slightly raised alluvial flat, which is bordered on the north and east by precipitous hills, affording picturesque and enchanting views. One of these eminences, occupying a commanding position in the rear of the city, is denominated Mount Ida. Another, posted in the north in solitary glory, has received the name of Olympus. The scenery of the former is wild and romantic, especially at the narrow gorge through which flows, or rather rushes the Poestenskill, reflecting the beams of the sun through the green trees and shrubbery which overhang the perpendicular rocks that have opened to transmit its waters. Both the Poestenskill and the Wynantskill pass through the city, and within its very limits descend in cataracts and cascades of considerable depth, thus giving additional interest to the scene, and affording facilities for various branches of manufactures. Situated at the head of sloop navigation on the Hudson, and enjoying an easy communication with the surrounding country by various artificial constructions, it is not surprising that Troy is no less celebrated for manufactures than for commerce. It is more so for education (particularly female) than for either. The Troy Seminary has probably educated seven thousand young ladies, of whom it is no more than reasonable to suppose that one thousand have, for a longer or shorter period, devoted themselves to the education of their sex in the various institutions of the country. But we must return to the engraving.

How fresh, gay, and buoyant is the scene here presented, of which the *coup d'œil* is at once sprightly, harmonious, and grand. The elements of nature and of life combine to produce the effect. It is morning, "that sweet hour of prime:" the air is balmy and inspiriting: the birds sing their matin songs: the sun *bestows* his beams, not *inflicts* them: the shepherd goes forth to survey his flocks, and the ploughboy to enter upon the labors of the

day, and all the landscape smiles. It is spring, and nature is robed in her gayest attire. Mountain on mountain rises in the background: the clear and beautiful Hudson, with its sails, and its little verdant and blooming islands, like floating baskets of flowers, and its banks, adorned with nature and art, present themselves in the middleground; while the tall oaks, and modest shrubbery, and tranquil scenery of the foreground all conspire to charm the eye and warm the fancy. The original settlers of this spot have given to the city and many adjacent spots names which awaken in the mind of the scholar the most fascinating associations. At the name of Ida, what exciting scenes does the imagination call up! the mountain from whose verdant summit the ancient Trojan enjoyed such extensive prospects of the Hellespont and surrounding country, in whose groves the shepherd Paris, according to mythology, awarded the prize of beauty to the goddess Venus, and from whose base issued the Simois and Scamander. Here, too, we are reminded of Olympus, with its caves and grottos and the court of Jupiter, touching the heavens, and basking in eternal spring. And who can avoid thinking, as he gazes upon Troy, of that dreadful siege, the greatest of all antiquity, whose bloody scenes have become immortalized by the surpassing pages of Homer and Virgil—of Achilles, and Hector, and Ulysses, and Antenor—of Agamemnon and Priam; and, above all, of Æneas bearing his aged father on his shoulders, and leading Ascanius, while Creusa followed, alas! not with equal steps, from the burning city toward the mount.

There is no prospect that little Troy will ever witness scenes similar to those which great Troy once saw. One of the most striking characteristics of this age of progress is the spread of peace principles. Nations may bluster and threaten, but they will hesitate long before they resort to arms. Improvements in the art of war, the application of steam to the purposes of navigation, the spread of knowledge, and various other causes, combine with the Gospel to diminish the chances of war, that dreadful scourge of nations.

Original.

INQUIETUDE OF THE WICKED.

BY PROFESSOR WATERMAN.

HAPPINESS or peace is the universal object of pursuit among mankind; and yet how few attain it! Why is this? Are all men incapable of its enjoyment? or are the means within their reach inadequate for its production? Who are the favored few that do possess it? Why are they thus privileged? These and similar questions have doubtless suggested themselves frequently to the minds of my readers, as they have surveyed the varied aspects which human life assumes, and the different phases of society, as exhibited around them. In attempting to solve this important problem, viz., why this state of things exists, it will be necessary to consider the character of those who are devoid of real, lasting peace and happiness. On this whole subject the teachings of inspiration and the voice of human experience plainly declare, that the wicked are they who do not enjoy peace, and that the cause is estrangement from God. To illustrate and defend these two positions is the object of the present article.

The wicked do not enjoy peace. This is a conclusion to which every observing mind must come who rightly estimates human conduct, and the constitution of the human mind. The result of the observations of the sacred penman, as he surveyed the face of society, was, that "the wicked were like the troubled sea, which cannot rest, but continually casts up mire and dirt." An ever ceaseless agitation characterizes their whole career through this world. Those of my readers who have stood upon the shore of the ocean, and watched, even in the calmest weather, its waves heaving, and tossing, and rolling toward their sandy confines, and then breaking with a sullen roar, giving place to another and another—those who have witnessed this ever ceaseless commotion, can appreciate the force of the figure which the inspired writer has employed. He was irresistibly led to such a conclusion by his own observations. And his testimony is corroborated by the express declarations of Omniscience, "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked."

We have only to look over the face of society, or to examine the history of any one of its members, indiscriminately chosen, to be thoroughly convinced of this truth ourselves. Society is always in commotion. It is true, it is less so at one time than at another. Vesuvius and Etna are not always pouring forth their liquid streams of desolation, or illuminating the heavens with their own internal fires, and the flames of surrounding villages, kindled by their burning ebullitions. It is but once in an age that the mountain, and the plain,

and even the sea itself seem to form one general conflagration. But we have no reason to suppose that the intervals are intervals of rest and quiet. Their internal activity is, perhaps, often the greatest when no indications are discernible of an approaching eruption. The same is true of society, regarded in the mass.—It is only occasionally that we are called upon to witness those fierce outbreaks of popular violence which result in the overthrowing of long established customs, or forms of government, and the introduction of anarchy, followed by an entire remolding of the primitive elements. But the popular mind may long, long have been in secret agitation. The preparation for mighty acts oftentimes requires a long period; and even in the apparent stillness and quiet which sometimes precedes and follows an outbreak of popular indignation, or of popular feeling of any kind, the close observer may behold the ceaseless agitation beneath the surface, like the rising and falling of the ice beneath the tidal wave. Society in the mass is never at rest!

What is true of society in general is true of the constituent parts. Every man carries a miniature world within him. That which regulates the actions of the mass regulates his own; and in every bosom we find the same elements of discord, the same disturbing influences, and the same commotions which are discernible in the mass. In order to be perfectly convinced of this, we need only to look at individuals in every condition of life, and witness the evidence of internal disquietude and want of peace. It makes no difference whether the individual be surrounded by affluence or poverty, whether he be a beggar or a king, the same traces of disquietude are equally evident. Alexander the Great, the supreme monarch of his day, with a conquered world submissive at his feet, was not at peace. If the possession of wealth and power, of all that the world esteems great in estate or achievement, and all the sources of delight which earth could afford, could create or procure peace and happiness, he might have possessed them in unbounded measure. He was not happy in the acquisition, nor in the possession; so far to the contrary, we are told that when surveying a world prostrate at his feet, he *wept* that the *stars* were beyond the reach of his all-subjugating arms.

Solomon, before him, had explored every avenue leading to earthly happiness, had laid the world of mind as well as matter under tribute for his gratification, and in the end became dissatisfied and disgusted, and inscribed upon all, "Vanity and vexation of spirit."

But if the sceptre and the diadem failed to bestow peace upon him who possessed their honors, and wielded their power, we should certainly expect that the man who made knowledge the object

of pursuit—who was permitted to enter the arcana of nature, and bring to light her secret agencies—to hold communion with the unseen—to pursue his researches and investigations far into the unexplored regions of thought and feeling—and who was thus, by the very employment in which he was engaged, so far removed above the sordidness of earth—we should at least expect such a one to possess peace and quietude, if they were the offspring of aught below the sun, from the very nature of the subjects which engrossed his attention. Yet Bacon, in the midst of all his sublime conceptions and discoveries, even while communing with nature in her inner temple, was unhappy, supremely unhappy. And Bacon was but one of a class of which he was the proud representative. Byron, the child of honor and genius—the idol of the literary public of his day—the caressed of all—the admired of all admirers—Byron shortened his days by habits of sensual indulgence, formed in the vain hope of thereby banishing from his breast a viper which drank his life's blood. Voltaire, and Gibbon, and a host of others in the department of letters, might be cited as illustrations of the same truth, if it were necessary.

When we descend to the more common walks of life, we behold the same general characteristic. The merchant, the professional man, the mechanic, the agriculturalist, every class, and every condition, evince the same want of internal peace and happiness, by the continual change of place and situation, and the same ever restless anxiety of countenance which accompanies them wherever they go. Every individual, no matter whatever his sphere or condition may be, by looking into his own heart, will find elements at work, which, until subdued by divine grace, ever have and ever will produce commotion and discord, and successfully banish lasting peace. No one has ever yet been found destitute of these elements. And no one, except those in whom these have been subdued by God's Spirit and grace, has ever left on record his testimony, corroborated by his own individual experience, that lasting peace was attainable. It is not pretended that temporary peace may not be attained; that is, that there may not be times of temporary cessation on the part of these warring elements to such a degree as to leave no visible commotion in the soul. But when two nations have declared war against each other, they are no longer regarded as at peace until a mutual cessation has been agreed upon, or articles of treaty signed. During the terrible seven years' war upon the continent, frequently months passed by without an actual engagement. But was Frederick at peace all that time with France, or Russia, or Austria? During our own Revolution, were we to regard ourselves at peace with the mother country, excepting only those small por-

tions of time spent in actual conflict upon the field of battle? The same is true here. The wicked may have temporary rest: conscience may, for a time, be hushed: passion may not always goad: dreadful apprehensions concerning the future may not always fill the soul; nor gloomy forebodings of some unknown, yet dreaded evil, disturb the mind. There may be intervals of cessation and rest. But all this is not PEACE. Yet this temporary quiet is the object of universal pursuit; and when attained, men deem themselves happy—so fearfully deluded often is the human mind, and so fatally charmed by the syren's voice.

Having shown, by illustration, the truth of the position that the wicked do not enjoy peace, I now turn to the remaining point, which was to account for this fact, or to show that the cause is estrangement from God.

No general law of nature can be violated, and yet the same results follow as would have followed had not that law been broken. We enjoy day and night, summer and winter, as results of that universal principle which keeps the earth in motion upon its own axis, and around the sun. But let every particle of matter in the universe cease to attract every other particle, and the earth, instead of revolving around the sun, producing the pleasing alternations of the seasons, would haste from the centre of light, and heat, and life, and with the speed of sixty-eight thousand miles per hour, flee to the regions of darkness and unoccupied space, unless impeded in its progress by dashing against some other sphere rolling in the heavens. Without some such impediment, nothing could check its progress; and its course would be onward, in a straight line, for ever!

To the germinating power of nature we are indebted for the support of our physical being. Let this law be destroyed, and all animal life must speedily become extinct. The sun may continue to pour a flood of light and heat, the clouds may distill their moisture in fertilizing showers, and the last product of the field may be cast into the bosom of the earth; but it would only be a sad emblem of man's sinking into the earth, to appear no more.

These illustrations of the general principle are deemed sufficient to show that no general law of nature can be violated, and the same results follow as would if such law had not been broken. Now, one of the laws impressed upon man's being is, that he is to find his great centre of moral revolution in his Creator. Man is a dependent being in every sense of the word. In no one respect does he possess, independently, the power of origination. *He must have some superior.* Conscious of his own innate weakness, he feels continually the necessity of some support upon which to lean. Conscious of his ignorance, he feels the need of some one wiser

than himself, to whom he can look for guidance and direction; and feeling within him a soul capable of indefinite expansion, endowed with emotions of love and veneration, he at the same time feels the want of some object which can enkindle these emotions, and satisfy the soul in its continued advancement in knowledge and power throughout unending duration. None but an infinite being can possess such attributes and perfections as are here demanded. God impressed this constitutional character upon man. He so constituted him as to make HIMSELF the great moral centre of man's soul. Upon him the mind could lean, and find that support which it needed. To his omniscient wisdom it could look with perfect confidence for guidance and direction; and an INFINITE being was placed before it as the object of its adoration and love. Thus every constitutional want of the mind was anticipated and provided for; and in the harmonious movement of the whole system was found the highest possible happiness of all concerned. In fact, the great object of the Deity, as revealed in his word, in thus constituting man, was man's own happiness. God would still have been infinitely happy in his own eternity, though he had postponed the creation of any intelligences millions of ages longer than he did. But desiring to impart happiness, he called created intelligences into existence, and impressed upon their very being this fundamental principle, that all their happiness must centre in himself. Perfect was the law in its conception, and perfect were its results. Happiness, commensurate with the powers of the beings made, flowed into their souls by simple obedience to this law of their being, and would continue to do so in their progressive expansion through unending duration.

This universal law of all intelligent, created being has been violated. From the principle just illustrated, we could not expect such results to follow its violation as had before flowed in upon the soul. If perfect happiness, to the utmost limit of the soul's power of being made happy, was the result of the general law, the same result could not be expected to follow its violation. Unhappiness, then, was the inevitable result to be anticipated. Most fully and dreadfully has such anticipation been realized! That which would have followed as a *result* of this perfect system, viz., happiness, has now become the object of universal pursuit, and of universal disappointment. The same constitutional powers, the same constitutional susceptibilities, the same constitutional desires remain as before; and remain not to be gratified, but to encounter continual mortification and disappointment. Still feeling the want of some object upon which to fasten its affections, the mind—broken away from God—centres upon an object, at best

but equal, and most generally inferior to itself. Wealth, fame, renown, are the gods upon which its affections are placed; or else some fellow creature usurps the throne, and rules the heart with despotic sway. But all are found unsatisfying, or quickly pass away—wealth, fame, friends, perish; and even when in possession, fail to satisfy the cravings of an immortal mind. It still feels a longing for something which it does not possess. To satisfy this craving desire after unknown good, it turns to this object and that, and experiments with every thing within its reach. In every case the result is the same, and unsatisfied desire fills the soul with restlessness, and of itself successfully banishes all lasting peace.

The mind also continues to feel its own native weakness. In vain it searches for some resource, in time of danger, adequate to its wants. No protector can be found in which implicit confidence can be placed. Left thus destitute, and with some realization of its destitution, *apprehension* is its constant companion. A continual sense of insecurity deprives it of solid peace. An illustration of almost everyday occurrence may elucidate more fully this point. A little girl some three or four years old, stopped, with her mother, at the window of a toy-shop to admire some of the children's toys there exhibited. The child's admiration was complete; and in the fullness of infantile glee it turned round to point the mother's eye to some object which had attracted its own attention. The mother was not there! Instantly the childish glee was changed to grief; and it ran backward and forward crying for its parent. It felt alone. Apprehension of an almost inappreciable and indescribable character seized upon its tender mind. In an instant the toys were forgotten, and were passed several times unnoticed entirely until the mother's voice was heard from within. Then all feeling of apprehension immediately ceased, and all was bright sunshine, without a cloud. It would have been impossible for that child to have regained entire tranquillity while absent from the parent's side. There it felt safe. The mind, cut off from God, is in a very similar situation, and, from a similar reason, cannot enjoy peace while in such a state.

But another, and the most important point, yet remains to be noticed. Not only does the mind feel apprehension from unknown danger, but a consciousness of guilt imparts to that danger the influence of a present reality. From the consciousness of guilt no sinner can escape. God has implanted a vicegerent in the soul—a monitor to prevent transgression, and an executor, with scorpion lash, to punish the offender. The voice of conscience may for a time be silenced; but at every new discovery of danger she awakes, and arrays the sinner's guilt before him in such glowing colors, that

it almost seems as if the light of eternity were shining around him. The thought of an angry God, and of a coming fearful, because just, retribution, rushes upon his mind, and fills it with gloomy forebodings. Even the intervals of rest from commotion, which the mind sometimes enjoys, is immediately broken up, if the thought of God enters the soul. An illustration of this is seen in the following fact. In one of our large cities, a young man, the son of wealthy parents, became the subject of renewing grace. He immediately renounced the gay and sinful pleasures in which he formerly took delight, and devoted himself to the active duties of a Christian life. His father bitterly opposed the new course he had taken, and was determined to recall him, if possible, to all those scenes of amusement and festivity suited to his age and station. In accordance with this purpose, he resolved on giving a splendid party, and issued his cards of invitation to a large circle of wealthy and fashionable acquaintances and friends. The night fixed upon was the regular Church prayer meeting night; and the son was strictly enjoined to remain at home that evening, and receive his own and parents' friends. A large company collected, and mirth and hilarity presided over the entertainment. During the evening a dance was proposed. To the astonishment and delight of the father, the young man was seen first on the floor. Leading out a young lady, whom he had asked to be his partner, he knelt down in the middle of the room and commenced *praying*. When he arose from his knees, the gay circle had vanished, and he was left alone with the young lady whom he had solicited to be his companion! In a very short time the whole company dispersed. What was it that broke up that scene of festivity, and marred all the, so called, happiness of the occasion? It was the thought of God! The mind could not endure that thought, nor remain where, at every step, it would be recalled. Conscious guilt, and a realizing sense of God's presence, will ever be found sufficient to banish even that temporary peace or quiet which is the object of pursuit of a world living in sin.

It is on account of such causes as have now been described, that the wicked do not and cannot enjoy peace. There are individual causes of disquietude which are found in every mind. But when traced to their true source, the great generic cause of all these is one—*estrangement from God*. While that exists, solid peace is impossible, as we have seen, in the very nature of things.

If the above views be correct, peace can only be obtained by a removal of this disturbing influence. Such is the conclusion of simple reason; and it is confirmed by the testimony of the Bible, and by individual experience. The Christian who lives near to God is the only happy man on earth. God

being the source and centre of all his happiness, the nearer he approaches its source, the more of happiness he experiences. As he gains the victory over sin his happiness *must* increase; for the causes of disquietude are thereby diminished. As he approaches his home, it appears more lovely and desirable. The world recedes from him, or rather he recedes from it. Its anxieties and perplexities, therefore, have less and less influence upon him to disturb his peace. He knows in whom he has confided; and that He will cause all things to work together for his good. What *can* disturb his peace whose mind is thus staid upon God—whose heart is *fixed* to do his will? "Yea," says the Psalmist, "great peace have all they that love thy law, and nothing can offend them."

This estrangement, which we have attempted to describe as the great disturbing influence in man's moral system, is both absolute and relative. It is absolute in the case of every impenitent sinner; and relative in every one who, having been born again, wanders from God, and lives in a state of coldness and want of near and sacred intercourse with him. However it exists, its fruit is the same, differing, not in kind, but degree; and that fruit is *unhappiness*. The removal of this absolute estrangement brings the sinner back to God, reinstates him in his lost inheritance, and produces in his soul that peace of mind which the world can neither give nor take away. It changes God's dealings and relations with him, so that, from being an enemy, God becomes his father and his friend. A catalogue of all the good things in the universe is put into his hand as the schedule of his Father's property; and he is assured, that just as much, and just as many of these as will promote his highest happiness, here and hereafter, shall be his own. But oftentimes he is permitted to possess these to try the strength of his attachment, and the fullness and completeness of the change wrought in him, as well as to show him what is still in his heart; and frequently are his affections—in part at least—withdrawn from his Creator, and placed upon his gifts. Thus a *relative* estrangement takes place, which often makes it necessary for God, from the purest benevolence, to remove these objects from him, or otherwise cause him to taste the bitterness of forsaking the only fountain of living waters, and hewing out to himself broken cisterns, which can hold no water. When this relative estrangement is *entirely* removed, when the soul holds uninterrupted and perfect intercourse with God, then does joy unspeakable and full of glory fill the whole moral being: peace becomes perfect and undisturbed, and like a river will flow on for ever. Wherever this takes place, either in this life or the future, will be heaven to the soul; for God's presence and companionship is heaven.

Original.

MUSIC OF THE SPHERES—IMMENSITY OF THE
HEAVENS.

BY G. P. DISOSWAY.

"Day unto day doth utter speech,
And night to night thy voice makes known:
Through all the earth where thought may reach,
Is heard the glad and solemn tone;
And worlds, beyond the farthest star
Whose light hath reached a human eye,
Catch the high anthem from afar,
That rolls along immensity!"

To every refined and pious mind, the return of a calm and brilliant evening is a matter of the purest joy. At such a moment, the spirit, as it were, often longs for the wings of a dove, to flee away and be at rest. What can be more delightful than to watch the changing colors of the clouds when the orb of day is declining in all his majesty and splendor! These shadings are most striking and beautiful at this autumnal season, and daily display the finest outlines with the loveliest shapes.

Sometimes they roll themselves into enormous masses, like hills piled upon each other, whose edges are gilded with blazing glory, and whose openings are shaded by bright tints of vermillion and purple. From the dark sides of these aerial mountains often issue torrents of light, pouring their streams of crimson and yellow, or of liquid gold and silver over the whole western horizon. Away to the summits of our many green and wood-crowned hills, and feast upon these departing scenes, that now meet the eye! View them before they are faded and gone. All these glorious tintings spread out above and before you, and so charming to the admirer of nature, are produced by the refrangibility of the sun's rays. The celebrated Necker was peculiarly sensible to the beauties of such ethereal forms and colors. A few hours after the death of his wife, he was standing by the window of his chateau, which overlooked the magnificent Alps. At this moment a distant cloud, illuminated and colored by the rays of the sun, passed over the prospect. "Perhaps her soul hovers there," exclaimed Necker, and then relapsed into deep meditation. Virgil, in his description of elysium, represents the sun as ever shining with a purple light; and, doubtless, from the magnificent appearance of this color in the heavens, before and after sunset, has been derived the idea of its royal and imperial character in most ages.

The close of day, and the stillness of the evening—not a breeze stirring, or a leaf in motion—what an hour for meditation! One of the sacred writers refers to the inaudible, yet impressive and significant language of nature: "Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge." There is "no speech nor language where"

this "voice is not heard." It bears a constant testimony to the "Eternal power and Godhead." The ancients fancied that the planets, in their movements, uttered mystic sounds, termed the "*Music of the Spheres*"—a harmony resulting from the impression of their motions upon the atmosphere, and modulated by their relative distances and magnitudes. This was the notion of Plato, and the moderns retain it often in their poetry to this day. Shakspeare finely alludes to the same poetical thought, where Lorenzo, meeting Jessica in the grove, desires Stephano to order music, when he accosts her in the following language:

"Soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica; look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patterns of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim,
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But while this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

And who does not remember another prince of English verse, who thus sings:

"Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale;
And nightly, to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole."

This idea the poet likely obtained from the Hebrew Scriptures: "The stars move in their courses rejoicing," "when the morning stars sang together," and other analogous expressions referring to the celestial harmony.

The Pythagoreans declared that their celebrated master was the only mortal ever permitted to hear this music. Euripides, in one of his passages, invokes the Deity as that self-created Being who gave birth to nature, and whom light and darkness, and the whole train of globes and planets, encircle with *eternal music*. Sublime thought for a tragic poet who wrote four hundred years before Christ, in his cave near Salamis, and amidst the errors of Grecian Polytheism! Others among the ancients believed that the moon was the residence for the souls of good men from the earth, and their chief happiness would consist in listening to the music of the spheres.

Day is the season of action and labor—night the time for contemplation, when we seem as though we lived in another world from that in which we toiled through the hours of the day. Those heavens, so solemn in their steadfast silence, still speak powerfully to the understanding mind. They declare a vastness, wisdom, and power that we can neither grasp nor estimate; and whilst contempla-

ting them, we seem almost to be standing more immediately in the veiled presence of the infinite Majesty. Let us take a few bold steps into space. First comes the moon, next Venus, Mercury, Mars, the sun, Vesta, Ceres, Pallas, Juno, Jupiter and his four satellites, Saturn and his seven, Uranus and his six. Now we are *seventeen hundred millions* of miles from our earth, and have reached the most distant planet known to man. But we have only traveled over the SOLAR SYSTEM: let us take another step into the SIDEREAL SYSTEM, and pass on to Sirius, and other stars of the first magnitude; then the nebulae; then to stars of the one thousand, three hundred and forty-second magnitude. But another step, and we go farther still! We have reached the cluster of stars which can only be seen through a reflector of forty feet, such as Herschel used, and they are calculated to be more than *eleven and a quarter millions of millions of millions* of miles from us, or a distance of at least three hundred thousand times greater than that of the nearest fixed star! Landed here, what would be the scene before us no mortal mind can tell; but the imagination can still soar away into the infinite regions of space. Doubtless, then, we would continue to behold new satellites, planets, and suns, all floating in the arched void of heaven, until the contemplation becomes almost too mysterious and magnificent for the human intellect.

Standing upon our globe, we can glance from earth to heaven, and can calculate the distances and courses of the various orbs. But when, from the imaginary point we have reached, we reflect that the work of creation is always going on, that there exist bodies whose light has not yet reached the eye of the astronomer, from the immensity of their distance, we still seem to be only standing on the vestibule of nature. The mind, finding no resting place, ceases to have power to proceed farther in this wilderness of space; for creation on creation still multiplies, attesting, at every step, almighty WISDOM, POWER, DESIGN, and GOODNESS. By a rapid, instantaneous flight, we gladly return, humbled by our own insignificance, to our little earth, which occupies a speck only in the vast universe, not larger, comparatively, than a grain of sand! Do you search for magnificence, grandeur, or sublimity? View those heavens above you, and their vast orbs silently pursuing their immense paths through the illimitable depths of space. The contemplation of them will humble our pride, and elevate the immortal affections. Sublime thought! We cannot fully know the beauty, mysteries, and magnitude of these celestial regions, until we reach the sanctuary itself, where the ETERNAL CREATOR sitteth upon the everlasting throne of his glory! But we *can* reach it. What an encouragement to faith, hope, and toil!

Original.

IS DRUNKENNESS A FORM OF INSANITY?

BY PROFESSOR HARRISON.

In the interesting article with which Professor Wright favored us, for the August number, he advances the opinion that drunkenness is insanity, and should be so treated by medical men. Since the publication of that article, the subject has been much discussed in medical circles in this city. We are happy to present the following views from one who is well entitled to be heard.—Ed.

THIS question brings before the mind an interesting topic of inquiry. The relations of these two deranged conditions of the nervous system, we shall endeavor, in this article, to point out with some distinctness.

Insanity is characterized by four attributes: First. It is a sudden departure from a person's natural and ordinary modes of thinking, speaking, and acting. Second. In it there is a want of self-control. Third. It is a settled, or chronic state, as contrasted with a transient, or accidental condition of thinking, speaking, and acting. Fourth. It bars legal liability.

It seems difficult to define insanity. This our best authorities acknowledge. The above stated characteristics belong to it in all its recognized varieties. For a man to deviate, without some very ostensible cause, from his ordinary modes of thinking, speaking, and acting, imports some disturbance of his rationality. This aberration may show itself in many ways. A taciturn individual may become very loquacious, or a pleasant, communicative person may become silent and moody: a discreet man is converted into an extravagant one: a modest female throws off her reserve, and exchanges her modesty for forwardness. Again, there exists a want of self-government. The thoughts flit across the mind in no consecutive order, and the ideas confusedly mingle together. The person is dispossessed of his power of volition over his emotions. With sufficient discernment, at times, to perceive the inconsistency of his opinions, the deranged person cannot correct the impetuous march of his imaginations, nor expel the illusions which beset him.

Insanity is contradistinguished from mere delirium by the more abiding constancy of its phenomena. Delirium occasioned by a fever, shows as wide a departure from sound thinking as does insanity; and yet it is not confounded with it, because of its transient character. Legal liability is barred by delirium as well as insanity; and yet they differ essentially in the feature of permanency or duration.

What is drunkenness? It is characterized by six attributes: First. It is of artificial origin. Second.

It is transient. Third. It affects the muscular system, as well as the intellectual powers. Fourth. It induces pleasurable excitement till it terminates in insensibility. Fifth. Its repetition leads to insanity; and, sixth, it does not bar legal responsibility.

No man can be inebriated without the use of intoxicating liquors, or drugs. We say drugs; for opium, belladonna, and other drugs will intoxicate. A man may, however, become insane from moral or physical causes, without ever touching an intoxicating article in the form of beverage, or drug. Drunkenness, unlike mental derangement, is transient. It passes off with the fumes of the liquor—it rarely abides beyond a few hours, unless kept up by a renewal of the potations which induced it. In madness the patient has mastery over his muscular system: he talks and walks with augmented vehemence, or, perhaps, assumes a rigid standing position. Not so in intoxication: the drunkard falters in his speech, reels in his gait, and is unable to maintain an erect, fixed posture. Whilst the insane are rarely visited by gay visions and pleasurable sensations, the inebriate, in the initial stages of his fit of ebriety, always realizes a delirium of joy. This is the chief cause of the very difficult cure of drunkenness. The nervous system, under repeated acts of undue excitation from intoxicating liquors, falls into a morbid irritability, often issuing in mania. These states, mania and intoxication, are not mutually convertible. Mania will not create intoxication, though drunkenness will produce insanity.

The legal liability of drunkenness has always been recognized. The reasons are, first, that it is a voluntary act; second, in its first stages it does not so obscure the intellect as to unfit it for correct perceptions; and, third, the act of ebriety, being voluntarily induced, might be reproduced at pleasure whenever a wicked man desired to perpetrate evil, and at the same time plead exoneration from culpability.

Let us here particularize three separate specialties connected with the miserable drunkard's history. In the first place, the habit of drinking inebriating liquors creates a peculiar state of distress in the stomach, unappeasable, except by the further use of the stimulus. By persevering abstinence, this morbid demand for strong drink will wear itself out. The repetition of the potation adds to its importunity. In the second place, a protracted use of intoxicating liquors often brings on a veritable seizure of insanity. This form of mental derangement is termed *mania a potu*, or delirium tremens. Or a more subdued and protracted form of dementation may arise from the abuse of such exciting beverages. And, thirdly, the actual state of intoxication stands in the middle ground between the two above enumerated conditions.

The desire of strong drink is not insanity—it can be successfully resisted, and often has been vanquished by a resolute will. The act of ebriety is not insanity, though it may lead to it; for it differs from real insanity by the characteristics above specialized.



Original.

FORECASTINGS.

THE expectations of life, as anticipated by ourselves, are rarely verified in the event, much less in the *sentiment* by which they are received. Our brightest hopes, even when realized in the event, we shall find, if not insufficient in themselves, yet linked to some concomitant anxiety which alloys the best of them, and annoys us in their reception. On the other hand, those clouds which loom in the distance, filling the *mistrustful heart* with sad and overwhelming portents, do often, as we approach them, in a measure, disperse under the kindlier influences of *their time*. And even do they bear their full weight of infliction, yet *we* in the mean shall have been disciplined into a better endurance of them. This should teach us to be not wise in our forecastings, nor exultant of our *own appointments*, of which it may be said that, after the froth and effervescence of human hope is skimmed off the top, and the sediment of unworthy despondency removed from the bottom, there remains, in each event, if patiently received, just as much, and the right sort of *discipline*, as would suit the occasion, and as is called for by the nature of our reception of the same. Such is the philosophy of life—such the unerring economy of *Providence*!

C. M. B.



THE MORNING STAR.

STAR of the morn, whose placid ray
Beamed mildly o'er yon sacred hill,
While whispering zephyrs seemed to say,
As silence slept and earth was still,
Hail, harbinger of Gospel light!
Dispel the shades of nature's night!

I saw thee rise on Salem's towers,
I saw thee shine on Gospel lands,
And Gabriel summoned all his powers,
And waked to ecstasy his bands;
Sweet cherubs hailed thy rising ray,
And sang the dawn of Gospel day!

Shine, lovely star! on every clime,
For bright thy peerless beauties be;
Gild with thy beam the wing of time,
And shed thy rays from sea to sea;
Then shall the world from darkness rise,
Millennial glories cheer our eyes!

Original.

THE BIBLE INTIMATELY IDENTIFIED WITH HUMAN PROGRESS.—NO. II.

BY E. WENTWORTH.

We propose, in the present number, to examine the bearing of fact and argument upon the proposition, that *the principles of the Bible are inseparably identified with all true and ultimately efficient efforts for the advancement of our race.*

1. The Bible is a revelation from God. To the Christian this simple fact is sufficient to identify it with the best interests of man. The believer in the tenets of the Bible honestly thinks them to be the most efficient means of human progress in existence, simply because, as he believes, they were furnished by God for this especial end. It is not our purpose to adduce the ordinary proofs that bear upon the authenticity of the sacred Scriptures. We may, however, refer to a single branch of collateral evidence, which, independently of all metaphysical reasonings, appears to us irrefragable. It is the perfect adaptation of the Bible to the wants of man. The harmony of creation, the beautiful unity of design and aim, the perfect correspondence of parts, are themes of perpetual admiration with the students of God's works. That the Bible was made for man, and man for the Bible, and that the one is perfectly adapted to and fitted for the other, is just as evident as that the eye was made for the light and the light for the eye. The Bible is fitted for the physical man. Temperance, cleanliness, industry, economy, freedom from passion, and the thousand and one directions touching the outer man, that flood the reading public, in the shape of "Advices to Young Men," "Letters to Youth," and the physiological and phrenological publications of the day, as though they were new discoveries, are all found, in one form or another, in the "Directions of Jesus Christ to Young Converts," "The Letters of Paul to the Young Men of his times," and the "advices" of sundry writers on "the best modes of human progress," which, taken together and issued in the form of a "cheap publication," constitute the neglected book denominated, par excellence, THE BIBLE. The Bible improves the intellectual man. It is a book of antiquities, of history, of science, of taste, and general literature. The Bible is all adaptation to the moral condition: it defines the relations of being, develops the socializing principles, debases inclination, and elevates the great standard of mutual improvement, *duty*.

2. The nature and influence of its prominent doctrines identify the Bible with the best interests of our race. The theology of a people has a powerful influence upon its habits of thinking and act-

ing. The plurality and earthliness of the deities of ancient mythology stamped themselves upon every feature of the individual and social characters of their imaginative and sensual worshippers. The doctrines of the Bible, with their universally acknowledged moral tendencies, have molded the opinions and habits of the modern civilized world. The single doctrines, monotheism and human responsibility, to name no others, are sufficient to give every distinctive character and every shade of difference by which Christian theology is separated from heathenism. The sublime notions of a supreme Existence, his presence, power, and rule, of the fall and redemption of man, the immortality of the soul, the resurrection, the judgment, future rewards and punishments, have woven themselves into the texture of the opinions, and exercised untold influence upon the words and acts of myriads. Eradicate from the minds of men the two ideas which involve all the others, the existence of a God and the responsibility of man, and you remove every barrier to crime, you promote the reign of gigantic selfishness, obliterate every trace of past and present improvement, and annihilate every hope of the future advancement of the race. Yet these two all conserving ideas are prominent upon every page of Holy Writ. Indeed, we can hardly account for their existence in the earlier periods of the world's history, without ascribing to them a common origin, and that origin a direct revelation from God to man. True, these magnificent ideas have become as commonplace as household words, and so graven upon the acts of man as almost to seem to have been incorporated with his elemental constitution by the Creator himself, yet unbiased research traces them more or less directly to the same venerable source, the same inexhaustible fountain of good to fallen man. Destroy the Bible, and these two pillars of the social fabric are utterly foundationless. He who is laboring for its destruction has put out his own eyes, and groped his way to those mighty pedestals the overthrow of which would involve the interests of man and the empire of God in undistinguished ruin.

3. The achievements of Bible truth within the last twenty centuries, will sufficiently establish its claims to identity with the best interests of man. Christianity is the development of a single principle—a principle announced by the great High Priest of this exalted profession—a principle involving the law and the prophets, the nucleus of every valuable precept and distinction of practical ethics, and the alone germ of the physical and moral renovation of the race. Slow, indeed, through the rancor of enemies, or the treachery of friends, has been the progress of this silent influence; yet he who at this point of time reverts with candor to the past, will be filled with astonishment and

admiration at what it has accomplished, rather than with wonder that it has done no more. Before it have bowed the pomp and parade of Judaism: the altar fires of superstition have become extinct: polytheism has shrunk aghast from its presence: a world-cursing polygamy has given place to the sacred ties and the cherished and cherishing monogamous relations: woman has been elevated to her rightful sphere: war is no longer made for conquest, and sack, and plunder: the horrible custom of single combat is yielding place to the advancing benevolence of the age: slavery, driven from a part of the civilized world, is threatened with speedy banishment from the remainder: men have been taught the use of spiritual rather than of carnal weapons for the defense of truth: the value of voluntary association has been taught by the constitution of the primitive Church itself: legal imprisonments, tortures, and capital punishment, have modified their primitive character of undissembled terribleness; and, finally, under the influence of the same noiseless agency, equality of rights and popular freedom are extending among the nations their mild and salutary sway. Dark were the ages from which the light of the Bible was excluded by a malignant and race-damning superstition. Blessed the day that restored that light to a chilled and groping race! Not the discovery of a continent, with its stirring dreams of gold and treasure, exerted a more powerful influence upon the world of commerce, invention, and letters, than did the restoration of the long lost Bible upon the moral enterprise of the civilized world. Rough and intolerant as were the earlier ages of Protestantism, they were tolerable enough in comparison with the fire and faggot, and iron-jacketed ages that preceded them. Rough as they were, they discover to us the first germs of intelligent freedom and popular right. From the new found Bible they drew the absorbing notions that intelligent government and intelligent submission to that government constitute the true and lofty independence of man in his social state. Ever since the propitious hour of its restoration, the Bible has proved to be the great centre of those attractions and repulsions by which the moral universe has been brought from chaos to harmony, order, and regular revolution. Can it be doubted that a book that has wrought so much for the world already, will continue to display its affluent resources for the spiritual and bodily elevation of man, and that it will ever cease its endeavors to bind all the members of the human family into one vast brotherhood of interest, affection, and enlightened submission to one common heavenly Father?



HEAR counsel, and receive instruction, that thou mayest be wise in thy latter end.

Original.

MATERNAL INSTINCT TRIUMPHANT OVER INFIDELITY.

BY MRS. DUMONT.

BESIDE the cradle of her only boy stood a young, but widowed mother. Her fair, yet somewhat haughty features, wore an expression of strong character. Grief had been there, but the touch of maternal love and hope had softened, nay, almost effaced the impress. She gazed upon her sleeping babe, indeed, with a look of exulting gladness. He was singularly fair, and as she parted back the golden curls from the smooth, white brow, and gazed into the laughing eyes that, as they at last opened, met hers with something of the proud light of her own, a world of bright fancies and rich hopes filled her heart. It was little marvel that her *mother's* eye already beheld in those infant lineaments the promise of a mind and nature highly dowered. The ambition of her earlier years, the vague yet strong aspirings of her own elevated though unregenerate spirit had now an object of definite and intensest purpose; for to the ambitious dreams which, in woman's single heart, are but alien and fugitive guests, maternal love is as the convex glass to solar rays, gathering and concentrating their power. Her dark eye kindled—her countenance changed. The expression of soft delight that, while bending over her child, had at first touched it as with the reflection of the face of a cherub, gave place to that of musing purpose and exciting though distant anticipation. The present was forgotten in the future. The beauty of her babe, the strange charm of infant innocence, shedding around it a spell-like gladness, like the breath of flowers, were lost to her sense in the visions of the ripe and fervid summer of her boy, in which she was now absorbed.

"Thou shalt have prouder dreams, my fair child," she murmured, "than that from which thou awakest so smilingly. A few short years, and the faculties now slumbering in thy nature shall wake to impulse. Be it mine to train them early to action. No mother's weakness shall hold thee back from the paths of effort—no mother's hand prepare for thee the bower of indolent repose. My young eaglet! rather let my life be given to strengthen thy pinions for the clouds."

The season of infancy passed as passes the breath of spring, and the cradled babe was the ardent, ambitious, and high-minded boy. She had not been deceived in the gifts she deemed his. Genius had set its regal seal upon his nature. Her purpose, in regard to his training, was fulfilled. Scarcely did she allow to her widowed heart the rich solace of maternal endearment, lest it should enervate the character of its object—shutting out, as it were,

from her child's soul, and, for his sake, from her own, the pure refreshings, the holy waters of domestic tenderness, lest, in listening to their murmurings, he should turn from ambition's loud call to intellectual toil. Yet, while she removed from his young path all that could tempt him to loiter on his way, she gave all her own strength to support him along the rugged steps she had marked out for him. Adversity had gathered around her, threatening early blight to her cherished purposes; but she met difficulty only with increased effort. Night and day she toiled for means to bear him still onward; and all personal sacrifice was as a thing of naught to the intellectual privileges of her boy. Amid all these toils, too, she was ever ready to meet any claim he might make upon the resources of her own gifted and cultivated mind, answering inquiry, at all times, with patient illustration, marking, with watchful eye, the unexpressed languor of the overtaken spirit, and cheering it under those sustained efforts that task the strength of childhood so heavily, by assisting investigation, or lending a ready ear to the wearisome repetition of the exercise that memory imposed. And was this all? Were there no higher interests to mingle with these, to elevate and sanctify their aim? Did the mother look upon her bright and gifted boy with pride, and yet forget that the outbeamings of that young and fervid mind were but the dawnings of an *immortal* intelligence? We grieve that a dark shade must dim our portrait. That mother was insensible to all the high objects of Christian aspiration. A strange obduracy had sealed her heart to religion's most holy influences. The privileges of our faith—the solemn counsels of pious friends, who bewailed the perversion of a nature so highly endowed—the chastenings of affliction—the privation, by death, of all, except her child, she best loved—the cold solitude of her widowed life, had all been insufficient to dissipate the dark mists of unbelief that had settled on her soul. Was it from the *pride* of intellect—the bewildering fallacies of *reason*—the strong-hold of the world upon a heart of singular depth? We may not say: the springs of thought and feeling are inscrutable to human gaze.

But the guerdon of her cares was attained. The boyhood of her child also passed, and he stood upon the threshold of life with a mind and character upon which the seal of years of anxious training was set. All that she had sought for him was fulfilled. Honorable, chivalric, aspiring, elegant in person and manner, ardent and fearless in spirit, rich in intellect—such was her son—a fitting candidate for the world's fair honors, and distinguished even now by that scholastic fame which is as music to the meekest mother's heart.

But the idol of proud affection was now to be

severed from her side. The consciousness of fame but added strength to the superabounding energies of the young heart. The time had now come when he must enter the lists of life. The pleasant but obscure nook in which his youth had been passed, afforded no sphere for action, and his eye turned instinctively to the great marts where the lists of fame and fortune are at least always open. His mother had looked forward to this hour with a long anticipative and steady eye. She sought and wished not to check the impulse that led him forth. The hour of separation came, and the young man stood waiting the parting embrace. Had she rated her own strength at a false estimate, that the color forsook her cheek, and the light her eye? Had she not counted the cost of this bitter moment, and girded herself to meet it? Was it the remembrance of the vain yearnings, the weary cravings of heart that awaited her, under which her soul fainted? No! at that moment of trial the thought of self had little part in its bitterness. But amid the strong rushing of her heart's deep tides, all thoughts and images that had ever found place there, were stirred up from its depths, and she remembered that without God sin had awful power. She thought of the *fearfulness of life*—that life into which her boy was about to enter. Its dark temptations—its alluring strains—its *Upas* shades arose before her like threatening apparitions. She turned to the face upon which she had been wont to gaze with dreamy rapture. What was there to reassure her? In that high brow, that restless glance, that impatient air, she read not merely the glow of fervid intellect, the rich vitality of youth and health, but the tokens of haughty dominance and fiery passion. Hitherto they had slumbered as lightning in the cloud; but *life* would call them into action. What had she done to tame their fires? What *principle* had she implanted that would control their course? She had talked to her boy of honor and of shame—of obscurity and triumph—of the world's censure and its applause, but she had found no place to speak to him of his *Maker*. What wonder that a faintness as of death came upon her sense? How rejoicingly, at that moment, would she have exchanged that imperial intellect, that surpassing beauty, for the humble faith which, amid the turbulent waves of life, would be to his soul an *anchor* sure and steadfast?

"My son! my son! look to God for direction and support." The smile that curled the lip of the young man at this first acknowledgment of Divine dependence, which the agony of maternal fear almost unconsciously extorted, stung her like a serpent. "Fear not for me, mother! Am I not *your* son? and think you I can forget the paths of virtue and honor?"

"Honor! honor! alas, my child! there is a higher

influence. O, turn not from me! I have taught you to worship a bubble—I have neglected—O, stay yet and hear me!" but her son was gone! He had imprinted a hasty kiss on her cheek, and broken from what he deemed but the incoherency of maternal anguish. Why should he have stayed? The character she had molded was firmly knit. Did the mother's eye follow the proud form that thus passed with impulsive step from his childhood's home? No! she had fallen prone to the earth, and with her first return of strength lifted up her soul in loud prayer to that Being whose power only she felt was sufficient to protect her boy. She had herself struggled through sorrow, poverty, toil, relying still upon her own strength, and without acknowledgment of his support. She had sought not his aid when affliction sat heavy on her soul, nor light from his counsels when her way was dark; but the *instinct of a mother's love* directed her to the arm of Jehovah for the safety of her child. And though so long and utterly estranged from Infinite Goodness, it was only in prayer that her soul found any thing like comfort.

It is not our purpose in this sketch, which we intended should be brief, to follow the career of the young man, though the path of one so young, so gifted, so rich in all the meretricious graces of life, yet bearing the melancholy seal of the example and precepts of an irreligious mother, might be traced with thrilling interest. It is sufficient for the moral we would draw, and for which we have ventured to lift the curtain from a heart with which we were once familiar, that we contemplate *its* sufferings under the conviction of maternal unfaithfulness. Nor do we intend making here the far more solemn inquiry, whether they resulted in that penitence which bewails error as an offense against the awful majesty of Divine Power. We speak but of the *anguish of the mother*. The sudden agony of the parting struggle passed, but the stillness that settled on her soul was not that of peace. Time and reflection but deepened the convictions that were then awakened. Of all that she had taught her child—the attainments that she had striven, toiled, suffered to make his, she knew there was nothing of protective or chastening influence against the fierce impulse, the insidious lure of human evil. And at all times, in all places, in the social hour, and the gloom of midnight, dark misgivings and shapeless fears pressed ever upon her heart. "O, bring him up to God!" she once exclaimed, in tones of solemn earnestness, to a young friend she loved, and who stood gazing with a mother's pride upon the face of her first-born: "let the first accents you teach him be those of prayer, that when manhood's strong impulse sends him into the rush of life your anguish may not be as mine."

To every mother whose eye now rests upon her babe with the trembling hope, the deep joy, the unfathomable passion of maternal love, we would address the same adjuration. Bring up your child for God! and while you cherish, with grateful and assiduous care, the gifts with which it has been endowed, lead the affections, the hopes, the aspirations of the young heart to the *foot of the cross*.

Original.

SOMBRE MOMENTS.

BY REV. E. M'CLURE.

DARK are the waters of the bay,
And dark the heavens above;
No cheering light, no friendly ray
Shines on the cedar grove.

It seems as if some sullen sprite
Brooded o'er all the air,
Turning the day to dubious night,
And joy to black despair.

The waters, like a mass of lead,
Are still as Lethe's stream;
One might suppose all nature dead,
Or in some fitful dream.

Why is it those fearful clouds
Their sybil leaves unroll,
And weave their melancholy shrouds
To throw around my soul?

Ah! why this sympathy between
My spirit and a cloud,
Stealing through all the veins unseen,
But *felt* along the blood?

Why thus entwine itself among
The heart's ten thousand strings,
To leave it like a harp unstrung,
Or bird without its wings?

Fly! lonely one! from hence retire,
Nor view these waters more,
Go! kindle up old Grecian fire
On Plato's native shore.

It is not good to be alone,
Unless alone with God;
Go, seek for light around his throne,
When darkness reigns abroad.

FAREWELL.

NAY, shrink not from the word "farewell!"
As 'twere friendship's final knell;
Such fears may prove but vain:
So changeful is life's fleeting day,
Whene'er we sever—hope may say
"We part to meet again!"

Original.

DEATH OF THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

In a preceding number, we presented a brief sketch of the life of this remarkable woman up to the period of her being made a prisoner by the English, at the battle of Compeigne. Before proceeding to an account of her trial and death, a remark may not be inappropriate in reference to her capture. From the moment of her investment with the chief command of the army of Charles, she manifested the most consummate skill in all her military plans and movements. She seemed to possess, intuitively, a knowledge of what ought to be done in each case of emergency. And whenever she differed from her generals, or rather, whenever they differed from her, and their counsels prevailed, which was the case in one or two instances at the commencement of her public career, the issue proved conclusively that she was right and they wrong. That a young, uneducated peasant girl should surpass, in military skill and tactics, the veteran officers of the French army, was humiliating to their pride. It was, however, borne without resentment or apparent jealousy, so long as her services were absolutely needed. After the coronation of Charles at Rheims, when the fortunes of France might be said to have been retrieved, the French generals seemed to brook their subjection to her authority with reluctance. To dismiss her from the army they could not; for both the army and the King would have opposed them. But one way appeared in which to rid themselves of a superiority which, while it was manifested, entirely eclipsed their talents and genius; and that way was to permit the possessor to fall into the hands of the enemy. This was done at Compeigne. It would appear that her fate might have been far otherwise than what it was, had she been supported, in her last engagement, as she should have been, by her assistants.

The joy of the English at her capture was excessive. They had regarded her as an impersonation of the devil, come forth to thwart all their plans, and defeat their measures; and like the Philistines in the case of Samson, they determined to glut their vengeance with the blood of their victim. The Duke of Bedford was determined upon her death. As a prisoner of war this could not be accomplished, unless clandestinely and by assassination. To gratify his malignity, he formed the plan of having her tried before an *ecclesiastical* tribunal, upon the charge of heresy and witchcraft, care being taken that her judges should be of the right stamp to effect his diabolical purpose. She was carried to Rouen and there imprisoned. Not satisfied with confining her in its great tower, her captors placed her in chains; and Turner, in his history, says, "A cage of iron was sworn to have

been made for her, in which she was fastened by the neck, feet, and hands, from the time of her arrival at Rouen to the first day of her trial. Three Englishmen passed the night in her chamber, and two more watched on the outside. It is with pain we remark that they behaved to her with great brutality; but the imputation of witchcraft had made her an outcast from human nature."

The account of her trial and sufferings is given in the language of her historians. We quote first from Sharon Turner's History of England:

"The Bishop of Beauvais, and the deputy of the Grand Inquisition consulted on the form of the process; and what was called her trial was arranged according to the forms of the Inquisition in the following January, and actually began in the next month. These men seem to have been her presiding judges. Depositions were taken as to the circumstances of her life and actions. Her person was examined by the Duchess of Bedford, and some matrons, and she was fifteen times brought before her judges, and very minutely interrogated, between the 21st of February and the 17th of March. But the event depended neither on her answers nor on the evidence. Her answers clearly showed that she had been guilty of no crime, but patriotism and enthusiasm, mingled with impressions, which her personal manner and countenance must have satisfied her examiners were mental hallucinations, not impious impostures. The unprejudiced and the humane would have admired and pitied her; but policy and bigotry condemned her, and to a cruel death. The English bravery was seduced from its habitual generosity, by the mistaken hope that her disgraceful execution would destroy the talisman which had reversed their successes, and it stooped to avail itself of the credulity, trick, injustice, and cruel prejudice, which doomed a prisoner of war to be burnt for sorcery and witchcraft.

"The sequel is painful to read and narrate. She became ill, and the Earl of Warwick sent physicians to her, with this injunction: 'The King would not have her by any means die a natural death. He has bought her dear, and is desirous that she should die by justice, and be burnt. Visit her, therefore, and cure her.' They found her in a fever, and told him they must bleed her. 'Beware of that,' the Earl replied, 'she is cunning, and may kill herself.' She recovered. Her sentence was read to her. She refused to lay aside her male attire, except to take the sacrament. She was at one time threatened with torture; but she calmly braved it. 'If pain should draw from me false confessions, it will be your violence that will force them from me.' It was not inflicted. The Duchess of Bedford kindly brought her female clothes, to lessen the irritation against her: she declined them; and when the tailor put his hand on her

neck to take off her dress, she struck him with indignation at the affront. New efforts were made to induce her to appear in the garments of her sex, to confess the crimes imputed to her, and to abjure them. She exclaimed, 'All that I have done, and all that I do, I have done well, and am doing well to act so.' They promised her liberty: she was shaken for a moment, but at last said, 'You will have a great deal of trouble to seduce me.' On further urgency, she agreed to sign the abjuration they brought, if the clergy and the Church advised it. 'Sign now,' said Erard, a doctor of theology, 'or you will finish your life to-day in the flames.' She told him she would rather sign than be burnt. The English secretary put a paper into her hands. She said she could neither read nor write. They gave her a pen, and made her repeat the abjuration after them. She did so, and smiled, and drew a circle at the bottom of the paper. The secretary took her hand, and made her mark a cross. She consented afterward to put on female attire; but she soon repented of her acquiescence, and resumed her male dress."

Turner has here fallen into an error, and consequently been betrayed into a misstatement, as will be seen by the following quotation from another author, which shows more fully the deep-laid scheme for her destruction. Before introducing the quotation, however, it may be proper to remark that the alledged abjuration "was actually a confession of heinous and impossible crimes, at which she would have shuddered; while, as read to her, it merely contained a promise to submit herself in all things to the Church of Rome—no more to carry arms, or use the dress of men—to adopt the dress of women, and let her hair grow." In speaking of the treatment of Joan, and her night guard of soldiers, the historian alluded to says:

"Although poor Joan was prevented from taking her rest peaceably, yet human nature cannot endure without sleep. It may be, too, that the hearts of her keepers were not so hard as those of her masters. However this be, one night she slept soundly. One of the conditions she had agreed to, for the permission to live, was to put on woman's clothes, and this she had done. These clothes were, by the Bishop's orders, removed, and the clothes she had been used to wear, when she was free and happy, and had led on the soldiers of her king to victory, were laid by her side. When she awoke, she had no choice but to put them on, or remain the scoff of the rude soldiers. She dressed herself in them, perhaps sadly thinking of the days that were past. The Bishop was on the watch; and no sooner had he heard that she had done an act contrary to her agreement, than he hastened to make himself a witness of the fact—hurried away, and meeting the Duke of Bedford on the way, told him

to make himself easy; for the thing was done—proceeded to summon the other judges, and immediately procured a sentence of death on Joan, as one who had a second time disobeyed the orders of the Church—as a relapsed heretic—and her execution was fixed for the next day."

The final scene is so beautifully and touchingly, as well as truthfully painted by Turner, that the reader will thank me for quoting it entire, in preference to any attempt of my own to portray it. The execution took place on the 30th or 31st of May, 1431, (for I find authors differ as to the precise day of the month,) in the market-place of Rouen. Says Turner:

"It was announced to her in the morning that she was to be burnt that day. She cried out most piteously on hearing it, wrung her hands, and tore her hair. 'Am I to be treated so horribly and so cruelly? Must my body, which has always been wholly pure, be consumed to-day to ashes? I would rather be beheaded seven times than be burnt! O, I appeal to God, the great Judge, for all the wrongs and injuries they have done to me!' But recovering herself, she resumed her usual piety and resignation, and made her confession. She received the sacrament very devoutly, shedding tears profusely, and with inexpressible humility. When the prelate of Beauvais, one of her severest enemies, entered, she said to him, 'Bishop! I die through you, and I appeal against you before God.' Seeing Peter Morice, an ecclesiastic who had befriended her, she exclaimed, 'Ah! monk Peter, where shall I be to-day?' 'Have you not good hope in the Lord?' he answered. 'Yes,' was her reply, 'if God help me, I shall be in paradise.'

"She was dressed in female habiliments, and at nine in the morning was taken on a car with her confessor, and guarded by eight hundred men, armed with axes, swords, and lances, was carried to the market-place of Rouen. Her tears, and lamentations, and prayers, all the way, melted the spectators. Arriving at the fatal spot, she cried out, 'Rouen! Rouen! must I die here?' She was placed on the scaffold, with the wood that was to consume her. A vast multitude filled the place. The Cardinal Bishop of Winchester was one of the prelates that attended. A doctor in theology made a sermon to her and the people. She heard him patiently. When he had done, she fell on her knees, and uttered such fervent prayers to God and her saints, and asked for those of the spectators so earnestly, that the English themselves, and the Cardinal wept profusely, and pitied her; but none stepped forward to release her. A vindictive and defamatory address was read to her that could only embitter her last moments. She asked in return but for a cross. An Englishman present immediately made one from the end of a stick, and

gave it to her. She took, kissed, and put it in her bosom, and petitioned to have one from the church, that she might look on it till she expired. It was brought, and she eagerly and long embraced it; but her persecutors became impatient, and exclaimed, 'Do you mean, priest, to make us dine here?' The clergy had before given her up to the secular power, and the fire was now ordered to be applied. 'Execute your office,' was the last command; but two seargents approached to draw her from the scaffold. She saluted them, and came down. Men at arms then seized her, and dragged her back with great fury to the stake. She made piteous outcries, invoked her Savior, and moaned, 'Rouen! Rouen! will you be my last abode!' Several persons, unable to support the sight, quitted the place. The degrading mitre of the Inquisition was placed on her head, having the conspicuous words, 'Hæretic, relapsed, apostate, idolater.' She was tied to the stake. The faggots were set on fire. She cried with a loud voice, as she felt the flames, 'O, Jesus!' Seeing her friendly friar in danger from the heat, she bade him retire, but to hold up the cross to her till she was dead. She refused to deny the revelations she believed she had received. She declared her conviction that she had done nothing but by the Divine order, and that her voices were not illusions. The scaffold being plastered, the flames advanced slowly, though the executioner, in pity, wished to hasten their operation, that he might shorten her sufferings. As the fire and smoke distressed her, she called out for holy water. She implored fervently the Divine assistance, calling on her saints, at times shrieking, at times groaning and praying. At last her head was seen to fall on one side; and the name of her Savior, pronounced with the loud voice of agony, was the last words she was heard to utter."

Thus perished, in the twenty-first year of her age, one of the most remarkable characters that ever appeared upon the stage of human action; and her death has stamped eternal infamy upon both French and English, but more especially the latter.

Many attempts have been made to account for the singular apparitions which continually accompanied her. Some, as we have seen, imputed them to the direct agency of the devil: others supposed them an emanation from above. In later days, some have attempted to account for them upon some acknowledged philosophical principles; while others, among whom, as we have seen, is Tytler, suppose the whole an imposture suited to the age, and the object to be achieved. The probability, however, is, that the key to the whole is to be found in an enthusiastic temperament, and a mind possessing a highly excitable imagination, slightly diseased. This might cause her, as in a multitude of

other cases which have been subject to rigid investigation, to mistake her own imaginings for realities; while her enthusiastic patriotism and devotion would probably cause these imaginings to invest themselves with a patriotic and religious character. But far be it from us to suppose that all these things *happened* thus. The tendency of the wide-spread *Christian infidelity* of the age, (if I may use such a phrase,) is to refer every thing to some cause or other, and leave the idea of a superintending Deity entirely out of view. With far more real piety of sentiment did M. de Charmettes, the principal biographer of Joan, consider the subject. In reviewing the state of France, immediately before the rise of Joan, and while contemplating that event, he says:

"But it must be acknowledged that the fate of the French monarchy seemed now to be decided, and that the future fortune of France, and perhaps of the world, was about to change, if, amid the dreary scene, PROVIDENCE had not suddenly raised up one of those beings, astonishing by their genius, and wonderful in their destiny, who, at various periods, are called forth to be the instrument of those unexpected revolutions, which confound the pride of human conquerors, mock all the calculations of human wisdom, and lead the minds of kings and people to the recollection of the only throne that is never shaken—the only power that never ceases."

The history of this heroic maiden has been a fruitful theme for the historian, the philosopher, and the poet. A French writer enumerates no less than four hundred works, devoted, entirely or in part, to this single subject. The fertile imagination of Southey, the English poet-laureat, has invested it with all the charms of the muses. From his poem we shall introduce a couple of extracts, with which we must close this sketch. They are so beautiful in themselves, that our readers would scarcely pardon their omission. The first describes her feelings when she first acquainted her uncle with her designs, and before she undertook her perilous enterprise.

"From that night I could feel my burden'd soul
Heaving beneath incumbent Deity.
I sat in silence, musing on the days
To come, unheeding and unseeing all
Around me, in that dreaminess of thought
When every bodily sense is as it slept,
And mind alone is wakeful: I have heard
Strange voices in the evening wind—strange forms,
Dimly discovered, throng'd the twilight air.
The neighbors wondered at the sudden change,
And called me crazed; and my dear uncle, too,
Would sit and gaze upon me wistfully,
A heaviness upon his aged brow,
And in his eye such trouble, that my heart
Sometimes misgave me. I had told him all
The mighty future laboring in my breast,
But that the hour, methought, not yet was come."

The second extract represents her review of the scenes and musings which transpired beneath the "Fairy Tree," described in the former article:

"A blessed spot! O how my soul enjoy'd
Its holy quietness! With what delight,
Escaping from mankind, I hastened there,
To solitude and freedom! Thitherward
On a spring eve I had betaken me,
And there I sat, and marked the deep red clouds
Gather before the wind—the rising wind,
Whose sudden gusts, each wilder than the last,
Appeared to rock my senses. Soon the night
Darkened around, and the large rain drops fell
Heavy: anon tempestuously the gale
Howl'd o'er the wood. Methought the heavy rain
Fell with a grateful coolness on my head,
And the hoarse dash of waters, and the rush
Of winds that mingled with the forest roar,
Made a wild music. On a rock I sat,
The glory of the tempest filled my soul;
And when the thunders pealed, and the long flash
Hung durable in heaven, and on my sight
Spread the gray forest, memory, thought, were gone,
All sense of self annihilate: I seemed
Diffused into the scene."

EUSEBIA.

Original.

TEMERITY.

A LADY, who has been a great traveler, related to me an accident which occurred to herself a few years ago in one of her wanderings, in which her escape from death was strikingly providential, and which caused my flesh to creep with terror under the bare recital. The geography of my story the reader will please excuse—at the time, I was so absorbed in the event that I did not observe attentively enough to say *where* it occurred. This, indeed, is a matter of no moment; for we may readily believe that no other person living will ever have the temerity to venture to the spot. It was, however, upon a mountain of some one of the ranges of southern Europe that it happened. The lady was amidst a party of some half dozen, besides the guides. They were ascending a certain mountain, one not embraced in any traveling route, but comparatively unfrequented. Their object was a scientific one—geological, botanical, zoological, &c., the husband of the lady being eminent in these pursuits. The road, such as it was, ascended spirally around the mountain. These passes, it may be known, present, every here and there, a divergent track, extending in longer or shorter distances from the main route. It was on one of these irregular, natural paths, that the party had proceeded for some little distance, finding themselves more and more enchanted by the view which it afforded. But now the guides cried, "Halt," (in whatever language,) and the mules, all but *one*, were instantly stayed by the hand of the rider. This

one was our heroine's. Yet she was not a foolish lady; still, characteristically, she proceeded. She was naturally fearless—a great admirer of nature, and her enthusiasm often got the better of her discretion. And now a very few additional steps placed her beyond safety, and beyond *hope*. A headland, which she had desired to explore, narrowing to a point, suddenly terminated the road, leaving just space enough for the animal to retain his footing in a direct position, but leaving no possibility of his turning about. Had this been a frequented route, the animal would himself probably have refused to go beyond a certain point. The mountain was precipitous, and the travelers had now attained to several hundred feet elevation. The side, as I have said, was broken, here and there, into these spurs of road, of which there now lay beneath one and a second lodgment of this sort, nearly parallel to the terrace or shelf occupied by the travelers, yet hopelessly distant, as well as that they were strewn with boulders and other irregularities of the place. Even at this awful moment the lady did not lose her presence of mind, (though, sooth to say, it must have been the courage of despair,) yet this availed but little, except to keep the animal beneath her quiet, and possibly to mitigate the horror of her friends. The guides themselves were hopeless, knowing that this animal can never be made to recede a step (on heights) where he cannot see, and that there was no human possibility in the case. The husband did, however, temerarily, *gallantly* (and when did the word ever signify so much!) venture to approach her. This had to be done with the utmost gentleness, to tender help in whatever way he might—possibly by reaching her off the horse, (she had been told to slip her foot out the stirrup, to disengage her dress, &c.,) and holding her whilst she might gain a footing under these perilous circumstances. At all events there was nothing else to be done, and whether it were judicious or not, who does not for ever admire the devotion of the husband for the attempt—for this forlorn hope of affection! The animal was disturbed and jostled, and the next instant one universal cry, one loud, eldritch shriek, proclaimed the catastrophe—the rider and the horse were dashed headlong down the precipice—finding, however, a lodgment on the next ledge below, at what distance I do not accurately know; but, as they were first seen, the animal in part concealed the figure of the lady. The next instant he reared in his agony, and sliding off the side perished on the next terrace, leaving the lady free; but in what woful plight!

Strange to say, the first word spoken was by the sufferer herself: "I am alive! come to me." When they reached her, she said, "All my bones are broken, and my flesh is bruised—I am but a crushed

mass." She then could speak no more, and became insensible. None ever expected to hear her speak again. What a disaster was this! Here lay the dying lady in a remote solitude, the one habitation possibly accessible at a considerable distance, with no facilities of conveying her there; and when there, none of the needful aids at hand. What sad circumstances embarrassed them amidst their feelings of woe! yet

"Providence, that ever-seeing eye,
Looks down with pity on the feeble toil
Of mortals lost to hope, and lights them safe
Through all this dreary labyrinth of fate."

The guides procured something, I know not what, of which they made a litter, and conveyed the sufferer to the house. The three gentlemen of the party were all conversant in physics. It was the result of a brief consultation, that it were better to do whatever were possible now than submit to any delay. And what a marked providence it was that they were possessed of exactly the specifics, namely, opium and arsenic, which might in this case have been selected from the whole materia medica, but which, possessing the whole, they would probably not at once have resorted to. They were supplied in large quantities with these drugs for the preparation of their specimens, zoological and botanical. Brandy was obtained at the lodging house. A chemist—and such was the husband of the lady—is necessarily a pretty good physician—an apothecary at least. Of the brandy and opium a paste was made, with which the person of the lady was literally covered, whilst the arsenic was in abeyance to any indications of gangrene that might occur. *The life was saved.* The long-suffering, dreary days and nights of stupefaction or of pain *forte et dure*, and the tedious convalescence may be imagined—a faint shadow of the reality, as well as the anxious attendance of husband and friends during the expiatory months in the distant mountain shieling; and all the price (though combined with many noble and good qualities) of the incontinent and habitual indulgence of *self-will* in the lady.

She was mistaken, however, in saying that all her bones were broken, and it is the surpassing wonder of the whole case that not one of them was broken—a wrist, and perhaps both, with some finger joints, were dislocated. She has now recovered her health; still upon any little attack of illness, or at certain changes of the weather, she observes she is revisited by the ghosts of departed sorrows, and has never recovered the vigor and tone of her constitution.

It was a characteristic remark of hers that, as she revived to consciousness on being carried up the narrow, winding stair, when arrived at the cottage, "I think they will not be able to carry me in my coffin down this cramped place."

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This lady has wealth, eminent character and attainments; is the happy wife of a distinguished scholar and philosopher—is the mother of an amiable family. And with all her advantages, her experience, and her *probation*, I sincerely wish her God speed!

C.

Original.

THE TOMB OF THE MISSIONARY.

THE following inscription upon the tomb of Dr. Morrison, one of the most distinguished heralds of the cross, cannot fail to interest those who revere the memory of the departed missionary. His resting place is marked by a plain, granite slab, slightly elevated from the ground, and forming a striking contrast with the lofty, marble monument erected to the memory of a notorious opium smuggler, in the opposite end of the Foreigner's Burial Ground at Macao.

W. B. DIVER.

"Sacred
to

the memory of

REV. ROBERT MORRISON, D. D.,

The first Protestant missionary to China, where, after a service of twenty-seven years, cheerfully spent in extending the kingdom of the blessed Redeemer, during which period he compiled and published a dictionary of the Chinese language, founded the Anglo-Chinese College at Malacca, And for several years labored alone on a Chinese version of the Holy Scriptures, which he was spared to see printed and widely circulated among those for whom it was destined, he sweetly slept in Jesus.

He was born at Morpeth, in Northumberland, January 5, 1782,

Was sent to China by the London Missionary Society, in 1807, was for twenty-five years Chinese translator in the employ of the East India Company,

and died at Canton, August 1, 1834.

'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.'

HE who for men their surety stood,
And pour'd on earth his precious blood,
Pursues in heaven his mighty plan,
The Savior and the friend of man.

Original.

A TERRIBLE NIGHT.

BY REV. P. B. MARPLE.

AFTER traveling over several parts of the state of Arkansas, I returned to St. Helena, where I had deposited a portion of my baggage. It was in the month of May, 1841, at which time the spring freshet prevailed in the Mississippi. Owing to some difficulty in the current, steamboats had passed for several days without landing. Confinement, at expense, to the dull monotony of an uninteresting hamlet, is, certainly, no inconsiderable tax upon patience. My anxiety to leave the village was only excelled by the joy I felt on seeing a gaudy little steamboat steering to the shore. As soon as the boat came in, I ran aboard to secure my passage, leaving my equipage in the care of my host, who was ready to ship it at the shortest notice. After considerable search, I found the officers at the gaming-table; and as the boat did not cable, according to my expectation, it had moved onward and outward a considerable distance on the river. I was now aboard of the boat, *but my baggage was still at the wharf!* I remonstrated with the officers, but all to no purpose; for they tauntingly declared they would conduct me happily to their destination. I was now about as uneasy aboard of the boat as I had been in the village. But to conceal my concern I commenced reading, observing to the captain, at the same time, that I hoped I should have the pleasure of seeing him pay well for his amusement, on which he made his apologies, stating that the back waters rendered it impossible to land at that time, and named a wood-yard, some miles distant, where he would be pleased to conduct me off in safety. This he accordingly did. I was now twelve or fifteen miles from the village, reduced to the only alternative of waiting for some conveyance, or ambulating the above distance. The freshet rendered the former uncertain; and having no protection there, I preferred the latter, hoping to obtain timely assistance by the way. I had traveled about one-third of the distance, on a narrow, meandering road, hedged with lofty trees on each hand, when I beheld with thrilling anxiety the sun signalizing the close of day. Just at this crisis, through the dim vista, I faintly saw a little cottage, located on a small sand elevation, whither I hastily repaired, cheered with the prospect of resting for the night. But ah! the bud of hope is often nipped ere it has time to bloom. On entering the cabin I felt a sad sensation of disappointment. The inmates were two unsightly, athletic men, one white and the other black, and not a female or child about the house. No possible means of a support were to be seen. Every thing was calcu-

lated to excite suspicion. I could not resist the conclusion that they lived on plunder, and I determined to prosecute my way in quest of some better place. I made inquiries touching the distance to the village, the road leading thither, and some house of entertainment thereon. The answers were given by the white man, who was large and lusty, dark complexioned, of small, black bashful eyes, arched over with a heavy forehead, a large aquiline nose, and a long, thin visage, almost literally covered with massy, black mustaches. His appearance was rather frightful; but he obligingly offered to conduct me into an open traveled way, free from obstruction, leading directly to the village. I accepted his proposal, and we set out together between sundown and dark. He soon conducted me to a small by-road, stating that it led to the main route. This assertion was false; for it led me into trackless canebrakes. As I had learned from my conductor that he had been a resident of the place for several years, this circumstance forced the conviction on my mind that I was in danger. This will appear more forcibly, when the reader learns that it was utterly impossible to reach the village by land, for I was then semi-circled by water. With a cigar, which I had lighted at the cabin, I at first concluded to kindle a fire, and by it take my lodging until morn. But the fear of assassination overcame my dread of wolves, panthers, serpents, &c. Accordingly I resigned myself to the protection of Providence. The curtains of night were now drawn around me. The forebodings of a fearful, gloomy scene had already appeared.

"Mid woful threats of danger,
That roar'd in dismal terror,
From fate's revokeless mandate,
That thunder'd forth my doom,
The dense overwhelming darkness,
That reigned in utter stillness,
Amid the tow'ring timbers,
Throughout a starless night,
Was all the guard I had,
And yet I felt secure."

But soon this silence was broken by the muttering tones of distant thunder. A portentous mass of dark clouds enshrouded the heavens. The rain fell with increasing rapidity, until it weighed down the feeble foliage, and forced its way in floods to the ground. My only consolation was, that not one whisper of wind fell upon my listening ear. But this last degree of comfort was soon swept away; for a terrible gust came up from an opposite direction, and resulted in an awful storm. The raging winds in dreadful conflict met, as armies great in furious fight severe: peal after peal of thunder shook the heaven: lightnings illuminated the earth: the bursting clouds poured down their drenching floods, as if to overwhelm the world afresh: the

timbers fell in reckless mass around. To describe my feelings is utterly impossible; for I was convulsed with terror. I made an effort to leave the place; but my way was hedged up with tumbling timbers. Despair seized me. Death assumed a hideous form. I felt that I must die alone, and without a friend to bear the news to my dear parents, brothers, and sisters, whom I had so recently bid an affectionate farewell. I murmured at my fate, and thought it too severe. Before the Savior's cross I cried mightily unto the living God, who heard my prayers, forgave my follies, and filled my soul with sweet composure. I was borne up amid the storm by grace divine. I had, unfortunately, fixed on a location in a cluster of cottonwood trees, remarkably easily broken, and conceived it my duty to search for some safer shelter. The Lord sent upon the Egyptians, by the hand of Moses, "darkness so thick it might be felt;" and if one of the Egyptians, who had witnessed that event, had seen me groveling along with uplifted hands, he might have thought I was combating the same plague, as I felt my way along. I had not advanced far before I plunged into a dismal swamp. Supposing that I was steering outward, I rushed onward, until I had gone so far that I was completely bewildered. I wandered along, but, like the dove from Noah's ark, I found no *terra firma*. But, ah! the dove was rich compared with me; for I had no ark to bear me above the flood. Not content to stand submerged in water until the morn, I traveled the whole night, through the swamps, hoping every minute to place my feet on solid ground. No one could appreciate my sufferings; for I was sometimes obstructed with brush, at times on my feet, and at times prostrate in the mire. I wept, I prayed, I struggled, I devoted all my energies to overcome these oppressive and painful calamities; but all in vain. To my suffering and sorrow there appeared no end! Time seemed motionless—every minute lingered in lonely suspense, as though its successor would never approach. But the morning, like a delayed friend, when expected least, came on at last; for my exposure had thrown me into a kind of stupor, and I had become almost insensible. By the light of a welcome day I was, however, aided in reaching the river, where I obtained a conveyance down to the village. Exhausted by the fatigues of the night, I was carried insensible from the water-craft to the town. Awaking about noon, I found myself in a strange room, attended by several persons. For some minutes I had no recollection of what had occurred, felt perfectly easy, and was astonished no less at my unaccountable situation, than the anxiety and attention manifested by those with whom I was surrounded. But the first move I made excited a succession of pains, and revived a

vivid recollection of every circumstance throughout the sad scene. I felt grateful to my gracious Father for having preserved my unprofitable life through so many dangers, and resolved that I would devote myself anew to his service, and lean on the arm of his protection in all the storms of this troublesome world.



Original.

FOREST MUSINGS.

BY WILLIAM BAXTER.

—

ALONE, at sunset, in the silent woods,
Where forest trees lift up their stately forms,
Like hoary monarchs, who for years have brav'd
Chill autumn's blast, and winter's fiercer storms,
Reclin'd upon some fallen, moss grown tree,
I love to call up visions of the past,
To gaze on faces, scarce remember'd now,
And hear sweet voices on the murm'ring blast;
For thought, amid the city's busy hum,
Is stifled; but in this calm, peaceful air,
Thought claims her empire o'er the willing soul,
Sees new delights, new pleasures, everywhere.
Look upward, and the beauteous face of heaven
Is spangled bright with many a silv'ry star,
Like glittering jewels in night's sable crown,
Casting their chasten'd lustre from afar.
The rustling boughs above me, and the leaves
Wav'd by the winds, are sinking now to rest,
All, all is hush'd, and this deep silence seems
A fit companion for the peaceful breast.
The distant streamlet, murmuring forth its song,
Falls like soft music on my list'ning ear.
All nature's voices, in these solitudes,
Call on her devotees to worship here,
While each pale flower, whose sweet perfume is shed
Like grateful incense on the silent air,
Seems teaching man to humbly bend his knee,
And, like its incense, offer up his pray'r.
Bright birds, whose wings the parting sunlight bath'd
Before the day god's light wax'd faint and dim,
Now fold their pinions for their nightly rest,
Or break the stillness with their vesper hymn.
Thus wild-wood warblers teach that man should tune
His voice to praises in the hush of even,
And, like the God-taught minstrels of the grove,
Should let his orisons ascend to heaven.
My heart will soften mid such scenes as these,
And solemn feelings press upon my soul.
O, may they ever with me still abide,
Engraven deeply on my mem'ry's scroll!
Then, blessed evening, at thy calm decline,
I'll often seek this solitary place,
And learn, amid its solemn quietude,
Those lessons which all time shall ne'er efface.

Original.

POOR ARTHUR.

He was a tall, intelligent looking man, of about thirty-five, and had been a miner; but being unfortunately injured by a piece of rock in the mine, for a long time he had been confined to his room. He had the care of a pleasant cottage close to the sea shore, which, in consequence of its delightful location, was a favorite resort for visitors, who wished to spend the hot season away from the bustle and dust of the town, and enjoy the privilege of sea bathing and breezes. Poor Arthur was mainly dependent, for the support of himself and two children, on the labors of his wife, an athletic, masculine woman, who obtained a small pittance by washing for the miners, and assisting in unloading vessels, (strange work this for a female, but necessity frequently overcomes mere opinion.) Near the mines were a number of lime-kilns, the stones for which were brought from Wales; and as there was neither cove nor harbor where vessels could land, they were obliged to come in as close as they could at high water, and having cast anchor, throw their cargo into the sea, which, when left by the ebbing tide, was carried on pack-horses to the top of the cliff. When a vessel came, it was necessary to unload her before the tide ebbed; and as there were but few men who could be obtained, the masters frequently employed women and the older children, and generally paid them well for their services. On one occasion, a vessel having anchored about a quarter of a mile from shore, Mrs. Arthur, in company with a number of others, had gone to assist in unloading her. Their task was nearly accomplished, when a heavy gale came on, and the sea suddenly assumed an alarmingly gloomy appearance, vast quantities of water rising and sinking with a tremendous roar, being what is *there* called a "ground swell." The little vessel, being lightened of her cargo, heaved and pitched with fearful violence. The tide was now fast ebbing, which rendered it dangerous to remain longer at anchor, for already the white foam of the breakers in many places around her told plainly that the black peaks of the rugged rocks were near the surface. When the gale first came on, the children and those left ashore, fearing for the safety of their friends, collected on the beach. They could distinctly see their mothers, fathers, and friends on board the little vessel, making signs of distress, and calling for help; but it was out of their power to afford them the least assistance. On board the vessel there was trouble as much as on shore. They saw their children and friends line the beach, but feared they would never greet them again; and as each successive surge swept over the deck, and covered them for a moment, they thought it a prelude to a watery grave. Their little boat was "stove in" by

the waves, so that all means of attempting to reach the shore were cut off. There was one alternative left—to cut the cable and drift before the gale: it was done. Intense was the feeling, both on board and ashore, as she "slued" round before the wind, and, like an arrow, shot between the breakers. Three or four times was distinctly heard on shore the grating of her keel on the rocks, telling plainly that had she remained at anchor a few moments longer she must have struck. Long and anxiously did they watch her as, almost upon her beam-ends, she scudded before the wind. Poor Arthur crawled to his window, and with intense anxiety watched the little vessel, so richly freighted, as the huge billows tossed her like a cork on the foaming crests, or yawning wide plunged her in the chasm below. Sometimes she sunk quite out of sight; and hope, in poor Arthur's breast, sunk with her; and when about to exclaim, "They're gone! they're gone!" hope revived as he saw her mounting the boiling surge, and trembling for a moment before she plunged into the depths below. Night came on, and shut the vessel from his sight and hope out of his soul. Poor Arthur's heart sickened as he turned toward his babes and wept, and thought them motherless. Exhausted with intense feeling, he threw himself upon his pillow by their side, but not to sleep. Long and dreary were the hours of that night, as he lay and listened to the deafening roar of the waves as they dashed against the craggy cliff; and at times he almost fancied he heard the piercing shriek and low moan of those in distress, borne on the wings of the gale, as it howled past his dwelling. He thought of the forlorn condition of himself and babes, bereft of her whom he had loved most on earth. Despair almost fixed itself upon him; for at that time he was a stranger to that God

"Who rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas."

Just before day a loud rap at the door aroused him from his painful reflections: the door was opened: a well known voice was heard: "Thomas, I'm safe!" It was her—the voice of his Jane! He could not be mistaken. To attempt to describe his emotions would be presumption. When the first gush of feeling was over, he listened to her recital. They had been driven ashore on the Cornwall coast—all were safe; and knowing the anxiety of their friends, had traveled all night on foot.

During the summer months of 1830, Mr. C. and his family sought a retreat from the busy scenes of the town, amid the delightful scenery of Arthur Cottage. Soon after they came, it was ascertained that Arthur and his family were totally destitute of the "word of God." A Bible was left where it would attract his attention; and soon after, when Mr. C. went into his room, Arthur, having it in his

hand, exclaimed, "This, sir, is a book I have wanted to purchase for a long time." "Well," said Mr. C., "in consequence of the benevolent efforts of the Bible Society they can be purchased very cheap now." "Ah! sir," said he, "I once had enough laid by to purchase one; but meeting with this accident, I have spent it all for the support of my family." A Bible was lent him, in which he read daily. It is the custom of some Sabbath schools to give the scholars tickets as rewards for reciting verses, good behavior, &c. The possession of a certain number of tickets entitled them to a Bible. Bibles obtained in this way are more likely to be valued by the children, than though purchased by their parents. Each of Mr. C.'s family, who could read, had obtained one thus, and of course prized it highly. The day they were to leave Arthur Cottage, Mrs. C., after reading a chapter, previous to morning prayer, holding up the blessed volume, and looking at the children, exclaimed, "What a treasure! Who can tell its value? What could be given in exchange for it? But while we have so many, poor Arthur has not one! Who of you will give their Bible to poor Arthur?" Their little hearts were melted to tears by this appeal from their mother, and they all exclaimed, "I will! I will!" "I am glad, my dear children," said Mrs. C., "that you are all so willing to part with your Bibles for this purpose. The eldest must have the privilege; but I have no doubt your willingness is just as acceptable in the sight of God." They assented to the decision. The book was given, and the family left.

Twelve months afterward, the family were again at Arthur Cottage. They found poor Arthur sinking fast to the grave, wasted now almost to a skeleton; but as he lay upon his bed, he held in his emaciated hand the Bible, which looked as though it had been daily used. In the morning, when they had family devotion, Arthur desired that his door might be opened, that he might once more hear the sound of prayer. Soon after, when Mr. C. went into his room, he found him in tears. "O, sir," said he, "I have been listening to your family worship below: I should liked to have been there; for I have not heard the voice of prayer since you were here before." "If you wish it," said Mr. C., "we will have our morning devotion hereafter in your room." Arthur gladly acceded to the proposal, and often listened in tears to the exercises, and the religious conversation of Mr. and Mrs. C. When the time came for them to leave, Arthur wept bitterly. "O, sir," said he, "what shall I do when you are gone? I shall have no one to pray with me, or talk to me of Jesus. O, it will be so *ishish!*"* They advised him daily to call his family

into his room, read the Bible to them, and though he could not kneel, pray as he lay in bed. He promised that he would do it.

Sometime elapsed, and again they heard from Arthur Cottage. Poor Arthur was gone! He died triumphantly, with a full and confident hope of eternal life. While his strength lasted, he had regularly called his family around him, and, as he lay on his back, had read the Bible and prayed with them. When about to breathe his last, he kissed his babes, and as he bid his Jane farewell, he exhorted her to give her heart to Christ, and train up the children in the fear of the Lord. He then closed his eyes, and sweetly fell asleep in Jesus. Thus died poor Arthur. THETA.



Original.

"COME."

—
LINES TO A FORMER CLASS-MATE.
—

COME, in life's morning, when thy heart is free,
And glittering playthings sparkle in thy way;
Come and secure the treasure bought, and He
Will be thy guide through all life's stormy day;
Come while thine eye is bright with youth and glad-
ness,
Ere sorrow dim the future with a pall;
Come, and by Christian hope avoid the sadness
Which earth has treasured in her paths for all.
Come while thy cheek is red with crimson blushes,
And innocence and joy adorn thy face;
Come to the fountain while its water gushes,
And from thy heart wash every sinful trace;
Come while thy life is young, thy step is firm,
And earth, with shadowy robes, conceals its tear;
Come, ere that lovely form shall feed the worm,
And prove that "perfect love" can "cast out
fear."
Come while thy voice is rich in mellow song,
And harmonies escape in every tone;
Come, disappointment will thy path along
Strew tears and sorrows for thy heart alone;
Come while thy breast with love and joy is swelling,
And friendships bind thee in their warm embrace;
Come and secure in brighter worlds a dwelling,
And find on Eden's shore thy resting place.
I've named thee often in the voice of prayer,
To heaven's high chancery have sent my plea,
That Frances C. a starry crown may wear,
And I, at last, in heaven may dwell with thee:
Come, bear the cross, acknowledge Him who bled,
And died, and rose again, and went on high,
To fit thy house, and call thee from the dead,
Where youth, and love, and song will never die.
C. M.

* A Devonshire provincialism for *lonely*.

Original.

BRITISH POETS AND POETRY.

WATTS.

ISAAC WATTS was born, July, 1674, at Southampton, where his father kept a boarding school for young gentlemen. From earliest infancy he manifested an ardent desire for instruction; so much so, that at four years of age he commenced the study of the Latin language. He was afterward taught Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. His progress at school was so rapid that a subscription was proposed to support him at the University, but he had previously determined to cast his lot with the Dissenters. Therefore, he repaired, in 1690, to an academy taught by Mr. Rowe. At twenty years of age he left the academy, and spent two years at his father's in theological studies, having, one year before, united with Mr. Rowe's Church, which was of the Independent, or Presbyterian order. For five years after this he was employed as private tutor in the family of Sir John Hartopp. Three years afterward he was appointed to succeed Dr. Chauncy; but soon after entering on the duties of his charge, he was seized by a dangerous illness, which reduced him so low, that his Church thought it necessary to obtain an assistant. His health gradually returned; so that he performed his usual duties until 1712, when he was again seized by a fever, from the effects of which he never recovered. In this trying situation, Sir Thomas Abney received him into his house, where he remained till his death, which happened thirty-six years afterward.

As a preacher, he was eloquent and elegant, having no superior—as a philosopher, profound—as a Christian, a humble, devoted follower of the great Head of the Church. At one time he might be seen grasping with some mighty subject, at another writing devotional poems for little children, or visiting from house to house, relieving the wants of the needy, addressing words of kindness to children. Although his whole income did not exceed one hundred pounds a year, yet one-third of that sum was set aside to relieve the necessities of the poor.

"Few men," says Chalmers, "have left behind them such purity of character, or such monuments of laborious piety. He has provided instruction for all ages—from those who are lisping their first lessons to the enlightened readers of Malbranch and Locke."

But above all is the Church of the present age indebted to Dr. Watts for her sweetest and most devotional pieces. The aged pilgrim has leaned more firmly on that strong Staff by the high-toned piety of his hymns. By them hours of darkness and trouble have been cheered, and wanderers brought back within the fold.

"Regard the man who, in seraphic lays,
And flowing numbers, sings his Maker's praise:

He needs invoke no fabled muse's art—
The heavenly song comes genuine from his heart—
From that pure heart which God has deigned t' inspire
With holy raptures and a sacred fire.
Thrice happy man! whose soul and guiltless breast
Are well prepared to lodge th' almighty Guest!
'Tis he that lends thy towering thoughts their wings,
And tunes thy lyre when thou attempt'st to sing:
He to thy soul lets in celestial day,
E'en whilst imprisoned in this mortal clay.
By death's grim aspect thou art not alarmed,
He for thy sake has death itself disarmed:
Nor shall the grave o'er thee a victory boast:
Her triumph in thy rising shall be lost,
When thou shalt join th' angelic choirs above,
In never ending songs of praise and love."

COLLINS.

It is singular, though true, that few persons of worth are estimated according to their real character till after they are dead; and the great reason of this, perhaps, is, that most of those who possess superiority in any respect are children of want—those who have had to struggle against poverty from their earliest days. The history of our own country furnishes abundant evidence to the truth of this statement, and the same will be found true throughout the whole world. Such was Collins' situation. Collins was born in 1720. His father was a hatter. In 1733 he was admitted scholar at Winchester College, and educated by Dr. Burton. He afterward became a commoner of Queen's College, where he remained one year, when he was elected a *demi* or half fellow of Magdalen College, where he continued till he took his degree.

He went to London in 1744, as Dr. Johnson remarks, "a literary adventurer, with many projects in his head, and very little money in his pockets. He designed many works; but his great fault was irresolution; or the frequent calls of necessity broke his schemes, and suffered him to pursue no settled purpose. A man doubtful of his dinner, or trembling at a creditor, is not much disposed to abstracted meditation, or remote inquiries." He published proposals for a History of the Revival of Learning, but it is probable that the first page of it was never written.

In his greatest extremity, when fearful of leaving his house lest some creditor should seize upon him, an uncle, a lieutenant in the army, died, leaving him two thousand pounds, which he never lived to exhaust. "Man," Dr. Johnson again remarks, "is not born for happiness. Collins who, while he *studied to live*, felt no evil but that of poverty, no *sooner lived to study*, than his life was assailed by more dreadful calamities, disease and insanity. Collins was a man of extensive learning, and of vigorous faculties. He was acquainted not only with the learned tongues, but with the Italian, French, and Spanish languages. He had employed his mind chiefly upon works of fiction and subjects of fancy; and, by indulging some peculiar habit of

thought, was eminently delighted with those flights of imagination which pass the bounds of nature, and to which the mind is only reconciled by a passive acquiescence in popular traditions. He loved fairies, genii, giants, and monsters; he delighted to rove the meanders of enchantment, to gaze on golden palaces, to repose by the waterfalls of elysian gardens. This, however, was the character rather of his inclination than his genius. The grandeur of wildness, and the novelty of extravagance, were always desired by him.

"The latter part of his life cannot be remembered but with pity and sadness. He languished some years under that depression of mind which enchains the faculties without destroying them. These clouds, which he perceived gathering on his intellect, he endeavored to disperse by travel, and passed into France; but found himself compelled to yield to his malady, and returned. After his return, I visited him at Islington. There was nothing of disorder discernible in his mind by any but himself; but he had withdrawn from study, and traveled with no other book than an English New Testament. I took the book into my hand out of curiosity, to see what companion a man of letters had chosen, when Collins remarked, 'I have but one book, but that is the best.' Such was the fate of Collins, with whom I once delighted to converse, and whom I yet remember with tenderness."

There are but few who have not read at least some portions of Collins' writings, and, consequently, are able to judge for themselves of their faults or merits. We will simply say that there are none whose writings please us more than his, especially his oriental eclogues. The following is an extract from the second of these eclogues. The scene is the desert—time, mid-day:

"HASSAN, OR THE CAMEL DRIVER.

In silent horror, o'er the boundless waste,
The driver Hassan with his camels passed:
One cruse of water on his back he bore,
And his light scrip contained a scanty store—
A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
To guard his shaded face from scorching sand.
The sultry sun had gained the middle sky,
And not a tree, and not an herb was nigh;
The beasts with pain their dusty way pursue;
Shrill roared the winds, and dreary was the view!
With desperate sorrow wild, th' affrighted man
Thrice sighed, thrice struck his breast, and thus began:
'Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Shiraz' walls I bent my way!
Ah! little thought I of the blasting wind,
The thirst, or pinching hunger that I find!
Bethink thee, Hassan, where shall thirst assuage,
When fails this cruse, his unrelenting rage?
Soon shall this scrip its precious load resign;
Then what but tears and hunger shall be thine?'"

YOUNG.

Edward Young, the son of Edward Young, fellow of Winchester College, and rector of Upham,

was born in June, 1681. On the death of his father he was placed on the foundation of Winchester College, where he remained till he was eighteen, when a new election took place. In 1708 he was nominated to a law fellowship at All Souls, by Archbishop Tenison. Six years after this he took his degree of Bachelor of Civil Laws, and in eleven years his Doctor's degree. On the foundation of the Codrington Library, he was appointed to speak the Latin oration, with a dedicatory ode in English. This was not the only proof that in early life he possessed superior talents. The atheist Tindal, who spent much of his time at All Souls, in speaking of Young, said, "The other boys I can always answer, because I always know whence they have their arguments, which I have read a hundred times; but that fellow, Young, is continually pestering me with something of his own."

By the wish of his friend, the Duke of Wharton, Young offered for a seat in the House of Commons, where he stood a contested election. Some years after this he took orders, and became a very popular preacher. Once, as he was preaching in his turn at St. James', he felt and saw that he was unable to gain the strict attention of his audience. This so affected him, that he sat back in the pulpit and burst into tears.

In 1730 Young was presented by his college with the rectory of Welwyn, in Hertfordshire, and shortly afterward married Lady Elizabeth Lee, daughter of the Earl of Lichfield.

There is a singular and ludicrous anecdote related of Young, and is the more strange as being true. To the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel he subscribed one thousand pounds. To pay this subscription he finished a play called the Brothers, from the performance of which, on the stage, he hoped to realize the required sum.

At the age of fourscore, even Young, who feared that honors themselves might come too late, was appointed clerk of the closet to the Princess Dowager. It is singular that he had been appointed to no post of honor before; but, as his biographer asserts, His Majesty considered him well provided for, and that was enough. He died soon after this appointment.

With his writings all are familiar. He was by nature of a melancholy turn of mind, as his Night Thoughts plainly show. He began to write early, and continued till a short time before his death; so that there is no uniformity in his productions, but change according to what he supposed poetry ought to be in the different periods of his life. Dr. Johnson speaks of his productions as "sometimes smooth—sometimes rugged. His style is sometimes concatenated and sometimes abrupt—sometimes diffusive and sometimes concise. His plan seems to have started in his mind at the

present moment, and his thoughts appear the effect of chance, sometimes adverse and sometimes lucky, with very little operation of judgment."

D.



Original.

THE INFANT CHERUB.

I stood beside the bed of pain,
And watched the gasping breath,
As each sweet infant feature wore
The livery of death.

A father's tearful eye was there,
Whose heart beat wild and free;
While o'er the infant sufferer bent
A mother's agony.

'Tis o'er! in speechless grief they view
The object of their love:
But no! the lifeless form is there—
The soul is now above.

The portals of unending bliss
Eternal Justice guards;
To naught but spotless purity
An entrance he awards.

But near those portals Jesus stood,
His ransomed to confess,
And o'er the blood-washed spirit threw
His robe of righteousness.

Then, entering with its Savior God,
I heard its first-born song,
As in the praise of dying love,
It joined the choral throng.

With seraphim before the throne,
I saw it meekly bend;
And then, commissioned by its God,
To earth again descend:

*"Go wipe the falling tear; go soothe
The heart with anguish riven;
Go point the mourner's weeping eye
To happiness in heaven."*

With speed which leaves thought far behind,
I saw it wing its way,
And mid a scene of bitterest grief
Awhile its flight delay.

"Dear parents, cease—weep not for me!
'Twas God who called me hence,
That I might strike my infant harp
In courts of innocence.

"And soon you too shall join my song:
The happy day is near,
When you shall, with exulting voice,
Within those courts appear.

"O! let me bear the silken cord
Which bound your hearts to me,

And twine it round the Savior's throne
Of spotless purity.

"Cease, cease to grieve—with humble faith
Lift up the tearless eye:
Beyond the cloud which shades the plain,
Is an undarkened sky.

"In sorrow's wildest, gloomiest hour,
Let this your grief beguile—
'Tis only tears that hide the sight
Of His life-giving smile."

Soothed by his cherub infant's voice,
That father dried his tear;
And she whom sorrow's barb had pierced,
With him found peace in prayer.

And though they still feel desolate,
Yet vision faith supplies,
And shows, beyond the silent tomb,
Their lost one in the skies. G. W.



Original.

YOU SAY I'VE FORGOTTEN NEW ENGLAND.

You say I've forgotten New England,
The land of my earliest home,
Its hills, its rocks, and its rivers,
In the years that so quickly have flown;
That her forests upon her dark mountains
Are not as to me they now seem;
That her brooks, her rills, and her fountains
In the richest of light ever gleam.

Ah! sure it may be I've forgotten
Many scenes of that bright summer day,
When in the spring time of my childhood
I carelessly wandered at play;
But might I forget the dear mother,
Who lull'd us with heavenly tone—
Might I forget sisters and brother,
I could not my New England home.

I have not forgotten her hill tops,
Nor aught of her valleys so green,
Her lakes and her wild dashing waters,
In their bright and their silvery sheen;
The villages white and their steeples,
The school-house—its orderly band—
Ah! ever thou'lt live in my mem'ry,
New England, my own native land!

But give me our home in the green west,
Where love consecrated the plain,
And the beautiful waves of Ohio
Hath prompted full many a strain;
And though I remember New England,
The land of the brave and the blest,
Not her wealth, nor her laws, nor her manners,
Can, with me, compare with the west.

L. C. L.

Original.

MRS. JANE TRIMBLE.

BY REV. J. M'D. MATHEWS.

I MENTIONED in the former number, that I would give such anecdotes of Mrs. Trimble's life as would probably interest your readers. As the materials were not all in my possession at the beginning, the facts will not be given in chronological order. The incident I am now about to mention, occurred long before the ones given in the former communication. In the year 1784, her husband, Captain James Trimble, with his family, removed from Augusta county, Va., to Kentucky, and settled in what is now Woodford county. Abingdon, Va., was then an outpost, and the commencement of the wilderness, extending from thence to the Crab Orchard, near Harrodsburg, Ky., a distance of three hundred and fifty miles. Through this wilderness, emigrants from Virginia to the southern part of Kentucky had to pass. It was possessed by Indians of the most fierce and warlike of the northern and southern tribes, who united to prevent the white man from reaching and possessing the hunting grounds—the rich lands of Kentucky. The country was an almost continued succession of lofty mountains, such as Clinch, Powell's, Cumberland, and other spurs of the Alleghany, with rapid streams, such as Holstein, Clinch, Cumberland, Rockcastle, &c. The road was so narrow that in many places there was only room for a single horse to pass; and to cross the deep and rapid streams there was not even a canoe. In the face of these dangers, it is marvelous that men with their families should attempt the journey—more wonderful still that they should get safely through.

When the company, composed of several hundred persons, men, women, and children, of which Captain Trimble's family was a part, left Abingdon, General Knox, of Revolutionary memory, was appointed by the company to take the command, with power to select such persons to assist him as he might think proper. Captain T. was appointed to the advanced guard, and consequently his family could only occasionally receive his attentions. Upon Mrs. Trimble devolved the arduous duty of keeping her little corps, consisting of half a dozen servants, ten pack-horses, herself, and two children, always ready for marching in order, and prepared for any emergency.

Thus arranged, the emigrants entered the wilderness. As is usual in such cavalcades, the weak animals were soon found in the rear and the strong ones in front. Mrs. Trimble rode a remarkably fine horse, and her servants and pack-horses were in good condition, and well fixed for the journey. Consequently, they were soon found at the head of

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the column. Nothing worthy of remark (except continued rains) occurred until they arrived at Clinch mountain, the passage over which was long, rugged, and steep. In ascending it, several horses gave out, and were waited on by their owners until they became alarmed for their safety. A report circulated that Indians had been seen close in the rear. When General Knox was advised of these facts, the main body of his army was descending the western side of the mountain. He dispatched a messenger to halt the front, as soon as they could find ground on which their animals could rest. He ordered some riflemen (for every man carried his rifle) to the rear, to protect and assist those who had fallen behind. The road was so narrow and crowded, that the man who had been sent in advance found it impossible to pass with any dispatch, and he adopted the alternative of passing the order forward by a telegraph of voices, until it should reach the front. Unfortunately, Mrs. T. and a few others were so far in advance as not to hear the order, and gained the foot of the mountain sometime before the main body. When Mrs. T. came to the brink of the river Clinch, which was near the mountain, she halted. The river was swollen by the continued rains, and dashing over and against rocks, some of which projected above the rapid waves of a stream three hundred yards wide. The front guard had entered the river at this point, but finding it past fording, they had gone up the margin and crossed at what was called the Horse-shoe Ford. They supposed that General Knox, who was well acquainted with the river and its fordings, would be with the advance, and did not think it necessary to leave a guide. But the General had been detained by difficulties that occurred in the rear, and he did not reach the front in time to guide it to the safest ford. The front guard had crossed to the west side of the river, and reconnoitred the valley above and below, and Captain T. had recrossed, intending to join his family in this difficult passage. At the time Mrs. T. arrived at the river, he was pressing through the laurel and underbrush to join her. She, seeing some of the guard on the opposite bank, and noticing the place at which they had entered the river, supposed that the ford was in the direct line across. Her horse, also, espying animals that he seemed to recognize, was anxious to encounter the turbid stream. She indulged him and ventured in. Her husband, some hundred yards above, saw her enter the river, and halloed at the top of his voice, but it was drowned by the roaring of the water against the rocks, and she heard him not. Mrs. Erwin, wife of William Erwin, of Woodford, Ky., then followed Mrs. T. They were soon in swimming water. Mrs. E.'s animal was washed by the strong current against a ledge of rocks, and he

wheeled round with his head to the shore he had left, which he gained with great difficulty. Mrs. E. carried two little negro children in a wallet thrown across the horse. These the waves took from her. Mrs. T. saw the peril in which her friend Mrs. E. was, and the loss of the children, and she called to those on shore to save them. Fortunately, Captain T. at that moment arrived, and succeeded in saving the little negroes. But his wife was fully into the current of the deep and dashing stream, with two children, the one an infant in her arms, (Allen,) the other four years old, riding behind her. How terrific a sight! Mrs. T., with that decision and firmness which characterized her through life, when she found her horse was in swimming water, determined not to check or attempt to turn him, but to give him the rein, hoping he would make the opposite shore. Then, grasping firmly the bridle and mane of the horse with her right hand, and her infant with her left arm, and calling to her little son behind to take a firm and sure hold of her clothes, and committing herself and children to Him who rules the winds and waves, she maintained her position and self-possession until her noble *Naraganset* struck the opposite shore. When the multitude, who had witnessed this thrilling scene, saw Mrs. T. and her children safely landed, they could not restrain their feelings. Some wept, others shouted for joy. The balance of the day was occupied by the rest of the party in crossing the river. Mrs. T. always spoke of her preservation in this instance as a very signal display of the goodness of God, and his power to save in any emergency.

A party of about twenty horsemen, unencumbered with families, overtook General Knox's party; and, concluding to risk the wilderness with their own force, they passed in advance. They were attacked in the night by Indians, between Clinch river and Cumberland Gap, and sadly defeated. General Knox's party passed this camp a few days after the massacre, and was compelled to encamp near that fatal spot. The Indians, in considerable force, evidently remained to attack the movers, as they were called; and sometime before night the spies brought word that several Indians had been seen near the line of march. It was the opinion of the most experienced men of the party, that they would be attacked that night, and consequently every precaution was used in selecting ground for an encampment; and all the means in the power of the party for defense were brought into requisition. So judicious were the arrangements, and so great the firmness manifested by both men and women, that the Indians, though superior in numbers, were deterred from making the attack. Mrs. T. committed her children to the care of an old domestic. She put on her husband's great-coat, and with a horseman's

pistol she stood sentinel during the night, as did every woman who could find a weapon of defense. In the morning many moccason tracks were to be seen near the encampment; and the Indians had succeeded (the night being exceedingly dark) in cutting loose and stealing away some horses from within the line of sentinels, and several of the horses belled and turned out to graze were missing. Search being made, the trail was discovered on which they had been taken by the Indians; and every man that had lost a horse felt like pursuing. But General Knox ordered a few of the best woodsmen and most experienced Indian hunters to pursue, and act as circumstances might require. Captain Trimble was of the party. They pursued the Indian trail until satisfied that only a few remained with the horses, and that the great body remained in the neighborhood of the encampment. A man was then sent back to advise General Knox of the fact. The pursuing party followed on until late in the evening, when they came within hearing of the bells of their horses. The Indians had turned them loose in a cove of the mountain, unstopped the bells, and disappeared. The object of the Indians, no doubt, was to induce a large number of white men to pursue the party with the horses, when the main body of the Indians would have fallen on them in the rear, cut off their retreat, and defeated them. Then they would have fallen on the remaining men, women, and children in the camp, whom they hoped to make an easy prey. But the sagacity of General Knox and his pioneer associates forced them to change their plan of attack. When they discovered that only a few men were pursuing them, they filed off the trail, and sent a small party with the horses to a place of safety. In the evening they concentrated their forces near the encampment, and prepared for a night attack, but were again discomfited by the following circumstance: The men who pursued the horses watched and waited in view of the animals until dark, when they approached, caught, and mounted some of them, and the rest followed. They started for the encampment. The night was dark, and the route circuitous and exceedingly difficult; but with the sagacity of the horses, whose instinct was an unerring guide, they reached the road about a mile, as was supposed from the sound of the bells, in the rear of the encampment. Here they halted for consultation; and, as they felt confident that the Indians were lying in wait, perhaps between them and the camp, to attack the emigrants before daylight, they determined to go into camp at full speed, and when near enough, to raise the yell, and cry, "Knox and victory," which was the countersign. This was done. They were received by their friends, responding, in thrilling accents, "All's well." It was then two o'clock in

the morning—about the time that the Indians were expected to attack the camp. Men and women were at their posts, armed to the knife, prepared for the shock. The Indians, as it was afterward ascertained from a French trader, were just about making an onset, when the noise of the horses' feet and the yell of the returning party broke upon their ears. They were thunder-struck, and completely at fault. Supposing that a large reinforcement had arrived, they concluded it was most prudent not to make the contemplated attack.

The emigrants rejoiced at the appearance of day, and prepared for leaving the encampment at an early hour. The Indians, during the day, were seen in the rear and on the wings. But becoming satisfied that the people they were pursuing could not be taken at surprise, or defeated without a bloody fight, they gave up the pursuit, except that a few of their more daring men hung upon the rear of the movers through the wilderness, picking up occasionally a straggling or broken down horse, and, on one occasion, shooting a man who had fallen too far behind.

When the emigrants arrived at the Crab Orchard, they prepared to separate for their different destinations in Kentucky. General Knox took his leave in a most affectionate address, in which he complimented the *men* for their bravery and good conduct during the journey. But he said the women were especially entitled to high praise for the fortitude and daring displayed on every trying occasion. They were equal, he said, to the Spartan mothers and their daughters; and one of them, alluding to Mrs. Trimble, for horsemanship, courage, and firmness of purpose, was equal to any heroine of ancient or modern times. It was a subject of remark, that Mrs. T. was the only person who had not been dismounted by accident or fear during the journey. She, with her two children, stuck to her trusty horse over every step of the difficult and rugged passes they had to encounter.

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Since receiving the above, the following additional incident has been placed in our hands. It is from the pen of the Rev. James Quinn.—ED.

Two sons, of honorable standing and great promise, had fallen in less than one year; for she writes to William, giving an account of the death of Cary, Nov. 21, 1821, and to Margaret, Jan. 22, 1822, giving an account of the death of William; and yet there was another poisoned arrow in the dreadful quiver of death. That arrow recorded its commission; and ere one year had rolled away, another son of great promise fell, and fell lamented by those who knew him. Cyrus W., a younger son, had gone through the regular course of study, and had entered upon the practice of medicine in the town of C., with very bright prospects of suc-

cess; but youth, manly vigor, mental energy, &c., are no security against disease and death. In September, 1822, the Doctor fell. His medical brethren united their skill, but all to no purpose. Two ministers essayed to visit him, (being acquainted with his mother,) but were not admitted. Two or three days before his death, the pious mother came, and (as I was told) put forth all but such as were proper to be present, conversed and prayed with her penitent, dying son, who requested her not to leave him, but remain with him to the last. On the night of the Doctor's death, the writer of this was called upon to visit the dying young man. When we entered we saw that death was there. "Ah!" said the pious mother, "help can only come from God. All that can be done now is to plead his case before the throne of grace, and commend his departing spirit to God, who gave it." We bowed the knee, raised our voices, hands, and hearts to the throne of heavenly grace, and we trusted not in vain. When we arose, the mother still remained meekly kneeling at the couch of her dying son. Silence, solemn and still as death, prevailed—yea, all was silent and solemn, until he breathed his last. Then the mother rose with pious resignation and said, "Farewell, my son, until the morning of the resurrection;" and turning to her three surviving sons, she gave them a most pathetic exhortation: "O, my sons, you have lost by death three brothers and I three sons in one short year; but God does all things right." The attending physician thought she had become too much excited and exhausted, and wished her to take a cordial, when she said, "O, Doctor, the best cordial is the love of Christ in the soul!" Soon she became calm and tranquil, and retired to another apartment, where the writer visited her next morning, and found her calm and resigned, trusting in the Lord. "I am bereaved of my children," said she, "but the Lord hath done it; and I will not say to my heavenly Father, what doest thou?" The funeral was solemnly attended by a large concourse. Three ministers took part in the religious services: the Presbyterian read, sung, and prayed, the Methodist preached, and the Church parson read the burial service at the grave, and the solemn scene closed.

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Original.

"THERE IS A GOD."

From the crystal fountain,
From the flowing stream,
From the cloud-capp'd mountain,
From the moon's clear beam,
From the planets glowing,
From their blue abode,
From the zephyr blowing,
Learn, "*there is a God.*"

Original.

THE WILD FLOWER OF THE ROCK.

FROM Erie's blue and sparkling wave
 There rises many an island fair,
 And rocks o'erhang the darkling cave,
 And crystals beautiful are there,
 And wild birds scream aloft, and silver fishes play,
 Around those lovely isles at close of summer day.

Not far from one there is a rock,
 And lone and desolate it stands,
 As though torn off by some rude shock
 Of the old flood, or Titan bands:
 'Tis all bare, save that from a crevice on its side
 There grows a blue-bell in its solitary pride.

Child of an isolated lot,
 How holy seems its summer love!
 It clings for ever to that spot,
 Its deep fidelity to prove,
 As though its choice was there to live and die
 alone,
 And breathe its fragrant breath around that ancient
 stone.

And yet that wild flower of the rock
 Glows not with a serener bloom,
 Than cheek, and eye, and raven lock,
 Of one who lives but to illumine
 A father's sadness with a daughter's tender smile—
 A blue-bell of the rock to cheer yon lonely isle.

O, widow'd one! and didst thou roam
 Far o'er the land, and o'er the wave,
 Even in the shadow of thy home,
 To plant a willow o'er *her* grave?
 Yes, and methinks thy light had well nigh sunk in
 gloom,
 When thy lov'd wife was laid within the silent
 tomb.

But there is solace even for thee,
 While duty and affection live—
 While filial tenderness is free,
 Its balm and blessedness to give:
 Thy daughter and thy little ones do still remain,
 And round thy cottage fireside peace and virtue
 reign.

With pious care and matron grace,
 And zeal untiring, she is there,
 Nor leaves that wild, secluded place,
 To mingle in the world, or share
 The pleasures of the young, where fashion holds
 her state,
 Though well might she adorn the circles of the
 great.

Reader, art thou in search of wealth—
 A mental mine—a moral gem—
 A fountain of the soul's true health?
 O, seek them not with diadem—

Go where that rock is garlanded with beauty's smile,
 Go seek them in the living flower of Erie's isle.

E. M'C.

Original.

MY MOTHER.

MOTHER! O, how my bosom thrills,
 Oft as I hear thy honor'd name!
 It wakens nobler feelings than
 Are wak'd by hopes of wealth or fame:
 It brings before my dreaming gaze
 The cherish'd scenes of youthful days.

The sweetest cord that ever sounds
 Among the strings of memory,
 Is that which oft, at Fancy's beck,
 Can bring me back to youth and thee:
 I hear the songs which lull'd me then—
 Such sounds I ne'er shall hear again.

Since thou hast gone, misfortunes oft
 Their shadows dark have o'er me cast;
 The future now seems bright no more,
 And joy is found but in the past;
 And of that *past* thou seem'st a part,
 Which ne'er shall vanish from my heart.

When seeking joy in pleasure's halls,
 Amid the mazes of the dance,
 I've felt thy care was o'er me still,
 And seem'd to meet thy chilling glance,
 And heard thee whisp'ring, "Son, beware,
 O, seek no more for pleasure there!"

And mid that throng I've trac'd the past,
 Till mem'ry dwelt on other years,
 And brought to mind her mild reproof,
 Which once could melt me into tears;
 And oft I've left those scenes, and thought
 Upon what once that mother taught.

Though years have pass'd, a mother's care
 I often feel is circling round;
 And when I stand beside her grave,
 I feel as if on holy ground;
 While scenes in which she bore a part,
 Came thronging round my stricken heart.

And oft upon that hallowed spot
 I've knelt to tame this heart so wild,
 And sought in pray'r that purity
 My mother taught me when a child;
 And oft methought my spirit there
 Has heard the accents of my pray'r.

O, when this changeful, earthly scene,
 Is fading from my failing sight,
 May my glad spirit plume its wings,
 To try a loftier, nobler flight,
 To heaven's blest realm! O, may I flee,
 Mother, from earth to God and thee!

W. B.

NOTICES.

LIFE OF MADAME CATHARINE ADORNA. *By Thomas C. Upham.* The subject of this well written biography was an excellent woman, of rich mind, warm fancy, and feeling heart. We confess, however, that we sat down with some prejudice to the perusal of her life, as we have an unconquerable aversion to mysticism, whether in the form of Pietism, Quietism, the doctrines of the Illuminati, the visions of Swedenborg, or the Pantheism of the ancient philosophers. Nevertheless, many of these fungous excrescences sprang from a precious and permanent root, to wit, the truth that the Spirit of God operates upon the soul of man, and, when not resisted, leads it to the cross, sustains it in the Christian conflict, molds it into the Divine image. It is this truth which the book before us is intended to illustrate. The character of Madame Adorna, or St. Catharine of Genoa, seems not to have been tarnished with those superstitious notions, enthusiastic feelings, monastic tendencies, and censorious judgments which are often exhibited in the lives of eminent saints in the Catholic Church, ay, and in the Protestant too. Her mind appears to have been discriminating; for we read nothing in her life of signs, visions, and dreams. She had a correct appreciation of the doctrines of justification by faith, and dependence on Divine aid in all the stages of the spiritual life, whilst she kept in view the power, the agency, the responsibility of man. Though maintaining uninterrupted and sweet communion with God, she was no spiritual epicure: she sought not enjoyment for its own sake; nor did her devotion blunt her sensibility to innocent enjoyments, emancipate her from common sense and common sympathies, or unfit her for human society and the ordinary duties of life. If it had, we should beg to be excused from holding her up as an example. We aspire to no devotion above that of Jesus Christ, who was alive to the beauties of nature, mingled in the society of men, and went about doing good to the body as well as the soul.

But St. Catharine's piety was of a practical character. She performed with pleasure her domestic duties, conversed in society with such a sweetness of spirit as to allure to the cross a proud, prodigal, and prayerless husband, and when reduced to widowhood, devoted the remainder of her life to the service, instruction, and consolation of the poor.

She made no war upon natural appetites, and the affinities of the soul, knowing that all our propensities as well as powers, when properly restrained and directed, are right and useful. Religion was not designed to obliterate but to sanctify them. We are ambitious of no higher nature than the human, and we believe that may be made glorious. Should we enter heaven, we do not expect to be ashamed of it, even among angels. Our Savior bore it to the skies, and it beams from the eternal throne. Notwithstanding her many negative excellences, there were strong tendencies in Madame Adorna not only to Quietism, but even to Pantheism. And they are manifest in the work before us, notwithstanding the ingenious author's attempts to rescue the subject of his memoir from every thing objectionable. To illustrate what we have in view, we quote a passage or two:

"Those who are purified and transformed into God, possess an intuitive perception. They may be said to see without eyes, and to understand without the ordi-

nary methods of understanding." "All desire is an imperfection." "Every event was God to her."

We do not deny these declarations; but we confess they are "too high for us;" and we should like to see some Scriptural proof of them. Guides should keep in sight. It was Plato who taught that the Divine nature was diffused through human souls, and that human reason comprehended all the elements of truth, human and divine—a doctrine which leads men to abandon the ordinary paths of knowledge, close the avenues of the senses, and exhaust the body, to watch for supernatural revelations; but we have not so learned Christ. In the hands of Professor Upham, such sentences as those we have quoted may be harmless; but to a mind less metaphysical than his, they may not. Mr. Upham, if we read him correctly, indorses Molinos, Madame Guyon, John of the Cross, Kempis, &c., without hesitancy or reserve. Never having waded through these writers, we are unable to gainsay, but we confess the indorsement struck us with surprise.

We admire Professor U., entertain unbounded confidence in his piety, and rejoice that his fine abilities are dedicated to the noblest purposes. We feel that he has laid us under additional obligations by writing the book before us, and trust that our caveat will be properly appreciated. We have no desire to diminish the circulation of the book, but would prefer to see the works of Wesley, Fletcher, and Peck in the hands of our people.

The Professor maintains that "assurance of faith, perfect love, pure love, entire sanctification" describe the same state; and we believe he is right. Much fruitless discussion, and much "*odium theologium*" might have been spared if theological combatants had always understood the subject of discussion before they entered upon it. This doctrine, according to the author, receives less attention from the Christian Church than it formerly did. We trust that the present efforts to attract attention to it will not be fruitless. We strongly believe that the standard of piety all through the American Churches is rising; and, if we are right, works of this kind will be multiplied. Let them, therefore, be pure—well guarded—containing more of Scripture, and less of speculation. We hope, also, that it may not be necessary to go back to the mystics, or to the catalogue of canonized saints, who fancied themselves so perfect as to perform works of supererogation, for examples of entire sanctification. It should be recollected that their characters were the result of a reaction from formalism of the grossest kind. Men are prone to extremes; and as, in escaping from mysticism, they go to infidelity or penance, so, in escaping from a religion of show and complicated ceremonies, heartlessly performed, they are prone to forget that religion has a body as well as a soul. The Guide to Christian Perfection we regard as a pure and beautiful periodical, and it is often enriched with the best thoughts of Mr. U., as well as many other excellent writers.

PERILS OF POPERY: especially considered with reference to the United States of America. *By Rev. John Barton.*—This is a work of few pages and humble pretensions. It is from the pen of a young, but promising member of the Ohio conference, and exhibits considerable research and much cogent and popular argumentation. The subject is of deep interest to every American, especially if he occupy the great valley which the Roman Church claims as her own, and seems to concen-

trate her efforts to secure. Some of the topics treated are, the infallibility of the Church; Popery subversive of religion and social order; Popery not changed for the better; prospects of Popery; and although the work does not present novelty, (for which, indeed, on this subject, we do not look,) yet, condensing within a small compass the substance of the argument, it will be read, we hope, by hundreds who have neither time nor inclination to peruse the larger works. We are by no means disposed to be unkind or uncharitable toward our fellow Christians: we frankly admit that thousands in the Romish communion are good Christians, holy, devoted men: we know not but some of the clergy may be of this number; but we know that we ourselves could not serve God and enjoy communion with him within the pale of the mother Church; for we contend that some of her cardinal principles are wrong, and naturally subversive of truth and holiness. With the writer, we fear that this country is in special danger from her encroachments. Our fear, however, is mingled with hope. On the one hand, the increase of emigration from Catholic countries, the influx of money to erect Catholic churches, seminaries, and cathedrals, the multiplication of Jesuits, the allegiance of the priesthood to a foreign potentate, and their neglect of the ordinary ties which bind men to their country, finally, the boast of Romanism that she is ever and everywhere the same, are grounds of serious alarm; but, on the other, the emigration of Protestants, the spread of knowledge among the people, the distribution of the Bible, the democratic tendencies of our country and times, the establishment of the German missions, and the active and vigilant efforts of Protestant Churches in America to disseminate the truth, are so many sources of hope. Romanism cannot resist the pressure of the truth from without: she cannot bind the mass of American mind: she is unable to resist the progress of the age; and though her principles may remain the same, her spirit and practice must undergo modifications. Still, it behooves us to be awake, and to meet the crisis with energy and promptitude: nothing is lost by fair argument. We love the motto of one of the first societies we ever joined: "*Ex collisione scintilla.*" Let us, however, beware of the spirit with which we enter into controversy. We fear that we look upon Catholics too much as we suppose them to look upon us—as enemies. Let us love them, gain their confidence, and endeavor to do them good. In the work under review the proper tone is generally manifested, though there are, perhaps, a few sentences which may be softened in subsequent editions.

ELEMENTS OF MORAL PHILOSOPHY, on the Basis of the Ten Commandments. By Leicester H. Sawyer, A. M., President of Central College.—Mr. S. has produced an excellent work, and we have no doubt it will be of great service. It is designed as a text-book for academic and collegiate institutions, as well as for family instruction. The plan of Mr. S. is, we believe, original, and the execution evinces a mind strong and well disciplined. The book is none the worse for being condensed within three hundred and twenty-five pages. The author presents a somewhat new theory of virtue, of which the following proposition is the substance, viz., virtue is the harmony of our present and eternal interests, and the harmony of the interest of one being with those of all others. He spends much of his strength on the first commandment, of which he offers some new and inter-

esting views. He pleads for the Christian Sabbath with great force, and defends energetically capital punishment. His work is well adapted to the times, and as such we cheerfully and earnestly commend it to public attention.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE OHIO DEAF AND DUMB ASYLUM.—Mr. Hubbell received us kindly, informed us that it was vacation, introduced us, however, to some of the teachers, and proceeded to entertain us with great cheerfulness. Dr. E. has described our entertainment in the Advocate, and I shall not repeat what he has said. Whilst he was copying the handwriting on the wall, we entered into conversation with Mr. H., who informed us that about half the cases received at the institution were congenital, that the mutes were generally sprightly and contented, and insensible of their want. He gave me some compositions of the students, from which I make a few selections:

"DAVID CROCKETT.

"David Crockett was raised somewhere, and grew up a few years. He was educated no where. He arrived to be a man, was celebrated for many things, and imitated the Indians. He wore odd clothes. He was a skillful man with the rifle. The squirrels stood on the top of the trees, and he hit their eyes, and they fell off. He could hit a musketoe's eyes. He shot many wild animals, always and he hit them. He was an eccentric man, and he spoke roughly. He was celebrated for grinning: he grinned many wild beasts to death."

"ABOUT MYSELF.

"About five years since I was in Dr. H.'s house when mother received a letter from the post-office. She informed me that I must go to the institution in Columbus. I was obstinate, not willing to go. I thought if I go somebody will steal me to travel me through various countries, and show me to the nations and savages. But my mother purchased me clothes. I cognized it so that I sometimes wept. I wept much for separated from my brothers, and sisters, and mother. I had company with some members of the legislature in canal boat three days. Arrived at Newark, the legislators were filled in the stage, and went away for Columbus. I stayed in Newark three days for waiting the boats, which did not draw nigh. We were obliged to enter the stage, which was drawn by large horses two days, and the roads were very much muddy, and bad with difficulty. I arrived at the hotel of Noble, and first met Mr. Brown. Afterward Mr. Clark opened the door, and bowed to me with salutation, and his leg shook and jumped up, and he shook hands with me. I accompanied Mr. B. and Mr. C. for the Asylum in the evening. You walked by your parlor and looked back at me. Then your sister, who knew me, called you. Afterward, my sister Elizabeth invited me into the studying room of the girls, and you introduced the girls to me, except Miss Haws, who concealed herself in the corner of the wall. Then you gave me a reading book. I commence school. I and Miss Bean, and three boys must write composition for letter; but I did not understand to write a letter. You said to me that I sit on the stool. The four pupils write letters. When they were make done, you corrected Miss B.'s letter. You said I was jealous of her because she improved better than I. You often scolded me,

and also I wept from my eyes. You gave me a very good education, and I study the important subjects, geography and atlas, astronomy and book of curiosities, &c. Now I am interested to read and learn arithmetic. Before I was an ignorant girl, and could not understand it. I have been here forty-two months, but I must go home and often read in the newspapers, and must think much of God; for God always keeps us in the night and day, and we must often think of him."

This was addressed to Mr. Hubbell.

"LIGHT AND DARKNESS.

"The sun is the illuminated body which reflects light from God, and makes the moon and stars reflect light. Darkness was made light in my mind. In heaven there is light for ever that shines from the throne of God. In hell there is darkness for ever that is an effect from the blackness of the devils."

It will be apparent, from these specimens, first, that the mutes are observing and intelligent; second, that they write on subjects suitable to their talents and age; third, that their words are few and expressive; fourth, that their minds are cheerful and lively.

The Deaf and Dumb Asylum is about half a mile from the city, in the centre of a small tract of land which was purchased for the purpose many years since. The main building is eighty feet by fifty, three stories high besides the attic; but a very neat and commodious addition is now in process of erection, which, when finished, will increase very much both the beauty and utility of the edifice. The institution is said to afford all the advantages of our eastern asylums, at but little more than half the expense. It was the first institution for the benefit of deaf mutes ever established northwest of the Ohio, and the first of the great charities of our noble state, having been commenced as early as the year 1828.

The chief mechanical art taught in the institution is shoemaking, an art in which the pupils are said to excel, owing to the superiority of their vision; and, as it is always in demand, requires no outlay for its commencement, and can be conducted in retirement, it is probably better suited to them than any other.

The first systematic effort to instruct deaf mutes was made in 1570, by Pedro de Ponce. The system adopted in our institution has, we suppose, been derived from the American Asylum, established by Mr. Gallaudet, and which is based upon Sicard's. No attempt is made to teach the dumb to speak: the natural sign language is employed to gain access to his mind, and to convey into it the elements of knowledge. As the pupil's ideas enlarge, he is taught to communicate by manual and written signs.

The criticisms of Mr. Mann, who complains that American institutions are behind the age, because they make no attempt to teach articulation, have, in our humble judgment, been triumphantly answered. When the mute is but partially deaf, articulation may be successfully taught; but, in ordinary cases, the long and painful efforts necessary to teach it are rarely compensated by the disagreeable (and generally unintelligible) sounds of the speaking dumb. The mode of teaching articulation is by pointing out to the mute the powers of the letters, making him sensible of the perceptible movements of the vocal organs in their pronunciation, and finally leading him to imitate those movements.

We have now many admirable institutions in this

country, but perhaps not a sufficient number to supply our wants, as it is estimated that one out of every two thousand is a deaf mute. Why should not Congress see to this matter? Is there any thing in the misfortune of deafness to absolve the government from the obligation of irradiating the mind of the subject with the beams of knowledge? The deprivation of hearing in early life is, perhaps, the greatest misfortune a human being can suffer, since it shuts out the knowledge of the past and present, and leaves the mind in almost utter stagnation. It seems that deaf mutes, before they are instructed, even though considerably advanced in life, are entirely destitute of all ideas of God and religion, and possessed of the most erroneous views of morals. How should we rejoice, then, that they may be provided with the means of instruction, and committed to the care of individuals such as the amiable, liberal minded, pious, and persevering principal of this excellent institution.

THE BLIND ASYLUM.

This is a very tasteful edifice, well furnished, and provided with a classic hall for public exhibitions. It is really cheering to pass through its apartments. At the period of our visit, the excellent principal, Mr. Chapin, was on his way to Europe, where he will doubtless derive much valuable information from the institutions of England, France, &c. We found but few students in the building, most of them having returned home to spend the vacation. One young lady had the goodness to lead us through the different apartments, answer our many interrogatories, and introduce us to some of the pupils, among whom were the two Chinese girls brought to this country by Mrs. Gutzlaff, and admitted to the Ohio Blind Asylum (to the credit of our state be it said) under a resolution of the legislature. These girls were picked up by Mrs. G. in one of the thronged cities of China, where they had been placed by their parents as common beggars. Mrs. G. entertains great affection for them, and her letters relative to them breathe all the affection and tenderness of a mother. They appear to be improving. One of them played upon the piano, and sung for us. They both read the Bible with raised letters, and bore a pretty good examination in pronunciation, orthography, and grammar. They attend the Episcopal Church, and seem piously disposed. It is impossible to estimate the good of which they may be capable, if Providence permit them to return to their native country to establish an institution for the benefit of their unfortunate fellow countrymen who, like them, are deprived of sight. It seems pretty well ascertained that the proportion of the blind increases from the pole to the equator: thus, in Norway there are one in one thousand—and in Egypt one in one hundred. The most densely populated portion of the globe suffers most from blindness; and yet there is not in all Asia one asylum for the sightless. Indeed, until near the commencement of this century, there was no effort, even in Europe, to instruct the blind, who now are able to compete with their more fortunate brethren in mechanical operations, the fine arts, and scientific researches.

Still, one can hardly look at the sightless eyeball without sympathy, especially when he recalls the touching lines of England's blind bard:

"Thus with the year
Seasons return; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,

Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark,
Surrounds me; from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair,
Presented with a universal blank
Of nature's works, to me expunged and razed,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out."

And yet there are not wanting pleasing reflections to allay our pity for the blind. The loss of one sense generally strengthens the others. Sanderson, the blind mathematician, had so delicate a touch, that he could distinguish counterfeit coins which had deceived the best judges; and Puissaux, the blind chemist, by the exquisite delicacy of his ear, could determine the quantity of fluids by the sound they produced while running from one vessel to another, &c. Moreover, the blind are generally remarkably cheerful, and apparently insensible of their loss. When they think of vision, they have some such desire for it as we have to see a distant country of which we hear an interesting account. God is love, and he attempers the wind to the shorn lamb. Moreover, blindness may often secure us from evil, by diminishing temptations to vice and increasing motives to virtue and mental improvement. The eyes that see things invisible to mortal sight, may be as strong in the mind of the blind as in that of the sharp-sighted.

THE PENITENTIARY.

From the Blind Asylum we proceeded to the Penitentiary, where we saw a great many morally blind, who, however, we hope may be, ere long, restored to spiritual sight. "The way of the transgressor is hard," and so it ought to be. We have sensibility—perhaps a great deal too much for our own comfort—but we do not confine our sympathies to those who commit crime: we bestow a little on the unfortunate objects who have innocently suffered from the fraud and wickedness of their fellow-men. But if we had no regard for society, we should, nevertheless, feel but little disposed to tear down the door of the prison. For the good of the criminals themselves, we believe it is well for them to feel the force of the law. Here they are well fed and clothed: here they are taught habits of industry; and here, too, I am happy to say, they are taught the blessed truths of morality and religion. There is no more benevolent institution in Columbus than the Penitentiary. If our criminal code were severe and bloody, and our population rendered desperate by the prospect of starvation, we might entertain different feelings in regard to our convicts; but as we punish for none but heinous offenses, favor the prisoner when on trial, and deal leniently with him when convicted, and as our country offers so few temptations to crime, it seems to me that our convicts ought to suffer the *full* penalty of the law, unless it can be *clearly* shown that there has been error in the court by which they were convicted. What disgraceful scenes are presented at this moment—mob after mob, city and field drenched in fraternal blood; the power of the law, the arm of magistracy, even the altars of religion trampled under foot by infuriated and lawless men. And why? Because of the recent impunity of crime. Of late years, jurors, judges, legislators, and other officers *seem* prone to show all their sympathy to criminals—to regard crime as misfortune—all criminals as good-natured, unfortunate fellows, more to be pitied than blamed—more sinned against than sinning, and all law as a tyrant sent to encroach on human rights. The truth is that law is

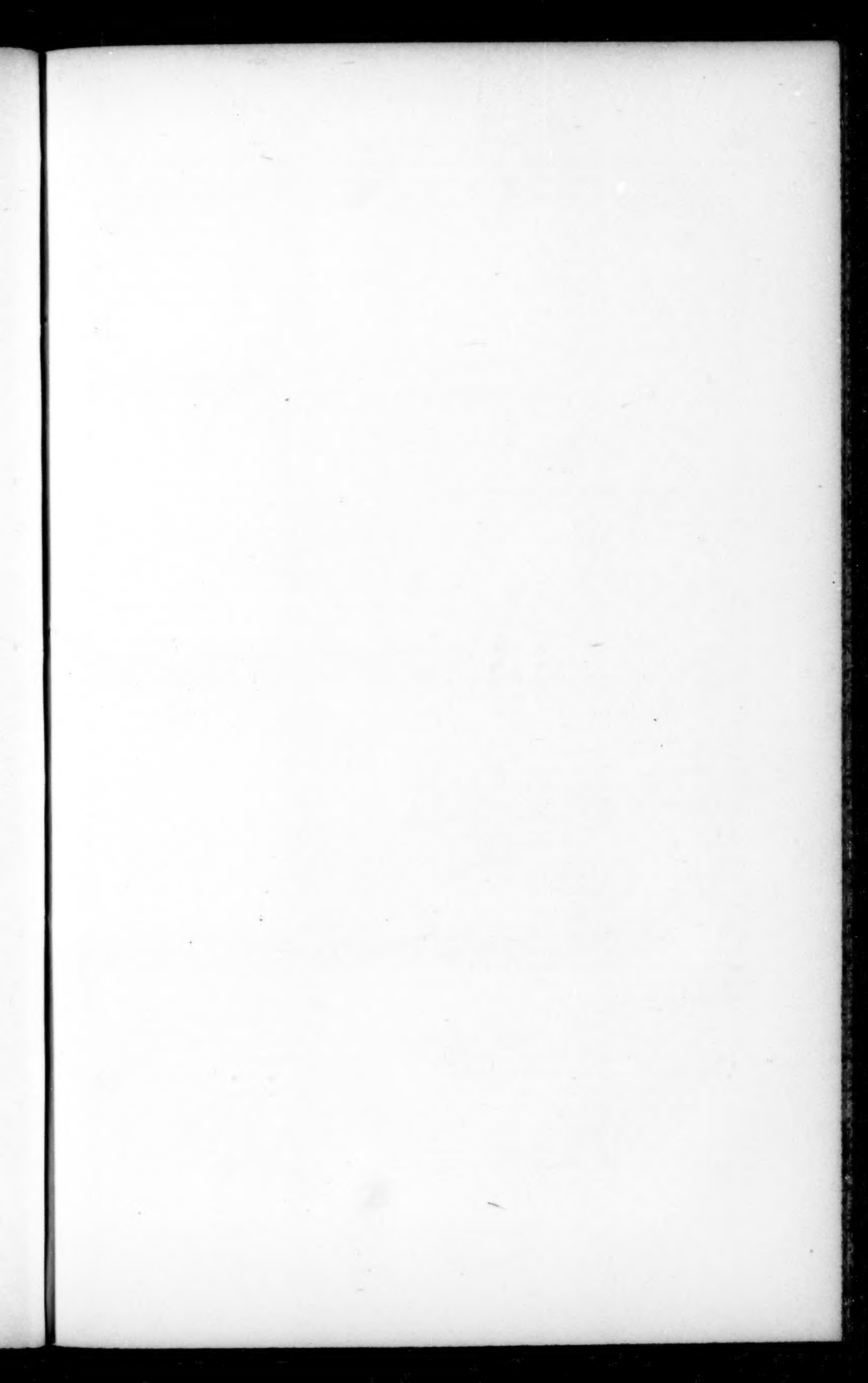
written not in blood, but in the milk of human kindness: its objects are to reform the offender, and to protect society: its inflictions are benevolent. The great danger of our country lies in the prevailing tendency to relax it. And let it be remembered that though a monarchy may recover from bad laws, or a failure to enforce them, a democracy once ruined, is ruined for ever.

We saw in the Penitentiary an Indian who has been placed here the second time for stealing horses. He seems to be somewhat afflicted, is quite a favorite with prisoners and officers, and he doubtless fares better than he would were he liberated. He, however, manifests an anxiety for pardon, having sent word to the governor the other day that, if pardoned, "he would walk all the time;" i. e., he would not steal horses.

In one corner of the prison we saw quite a number of prisoners, dwelling in one apartment, white and black, male and female, young and old, all huddled together. They were perfectly well, and yet wholly unemployed—perfectly confined, yet happy and uncomplaining—perfectly innocent of all crimes known to the law, and yet no attempts have been made to secure their pardon. His excellency, however, seemed to look with great pleasure upon their gambols, and to inquire with much solicitude for their welfare. The warden says they have manifested no desire to be released. He assigns them one of the other prisoners, not to watch, or chastise, or regulate them, but to administer to their necessities; and under his administrations they are becoming quite a large community. Success to the rabbits!

TROUBLES OF CORRESPONDENTS.—An amiable friend sends us some hints, we presume, as an offset to our article on Editorial troubles. We extract a paragraph. The picture is life-like. Has the writer had any experience? If so, we say, try again.

"But what anxiety is felt even after the poor creature is committed to the mail-bag! Will it ever reach the Doctor? If he should receive it, will it find a lodgment under his table? Wonder if he has got it yet? It is time it was published. Wonder what the Doctor thought of it when he read it over—how many words misspelled—how many sentences imperfect—will the punctuation be altered—will he give any encouragement for me to write again? At last the long looked for number comes. The index is immediately examined, but it is not there. May-be he has altered the caption. Every leaf is carefully turned over, but it can't be found. Well, it may be that he had such an amount of matter on hand that mine is laid over. Let's see: is any thing said in the Editor's Table? Yes, there—'To Correspondents.—A Plan of Education, Social Reform, &c., and many other approved articles.' Wonder if my piece is among the number? Month after month passes by, 'but it don't come.' Wonder what became of it? It may have been mislaid. I have known this to be the case. I won't give it up yet. But, alas! alas! it never returns. It has proven to be an incurable case. Others are permitted to see daylight; but then the Doctor has taken off the sound and most beautiful parts, and sent it out miserably mutilated and deformed. Who would undergo such horrible torture—such a powerful magnetic influence, (though hundreds of miles distant from your little body,) just for the sake of becoming an *author*? No wonder that authors are lean and pale. Why, Doctor, if I should attempt to become an author, my garments would soon hold us both."





MONTMORENCY WATERFALL & CONE, NEAR QUEBEC.